

P O E M S
Graces ON *Barton*
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.
1796
WITH A

SUPPLEMENT of several POEMS of the
AUTHOR'S never before collected.

AND

Others taken from his Original MANUSCRIPTS,
in the Custody of his Friends.

To which are added,

The HIND and PANTHER transversed.

ALSO,

THRENUS: or STANZAS on his DEATH,
By a FELLOW COLLEGIAN.

By MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

V O L. II.

*Vain Monuments may gild precarious Fame,
A PRIOR bears a Statue in his Name.*

BUCKINGHAM.

D U B L I N:

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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A.

S A T I R E upon the P O E T S,

In imitation of the Seventh Satire of JUVENAL.

Et Spes et ratio studiorum, &c.

S I R,

ALL my endeavours, all my hopes depend
On you, the orphan's and the muse's friend ;
The only great good man, who will declare,
Virtue and verse the object of his care ;
And prove a patron in the worst of times,
When hungry Bayes forsakes his empty rhimes,
Beseeching all true Cath'licks charity,
For a poor prostitute which long did lie,
Under the mortal sins of verse and heresy.

A 2

Shadwell }

Shadwell and starving Tate I cease to name,
 Poets of all religions are the same:
 Recanting Settle brings the tuneful ware,
 Which wiser Smithfield damn'd, to Sturbridge fair;
 Protests his tragedies and libels fail
 'To yield him paper, penny-loaves and ale,
 And bids our youth by his example fly
 The love of politicks and poetry.

And all retreats except New-hall refuse
 To shelter Dursley, and his jocky muse;
 There to the butler, and his grace's maid,
 He turns, like Homer, sonneteer for bread;
 Knows his just bounds, nor ever durst aspire
 Beyond the swearing groom, and kitchen fire.

Is there a man to these examples blind,
 To clinking Numbers fatally design'd?
 Who by his parts would purchase meat and fame,
 And in new miscellanies plant his name;
 Were my beard grown, the wretch I'd thus advise,
 Repent, fond mortal, and be timely wise;
 Take heed, nor be by gilded hopes betray'd,
 Clio's a jilt, and Pegasus a jade;
 By verse you'll starve: John Saul cou'd never live,
 Unless the bellman made the poet thrive;
 Go rather in some little shed by Pauls,
 Sell Chevy-chase, or Baxter's salve for souls,
 Cry raree-shows, sell ballads, transcribe votes,
 Be Carr, or Keach, or any thing but Oates.

Hold, sir, some bully of the muses cries,
 Methinks you're more satyrical than wise;
 You rail at verse indeed, but rail in rhyme,
 At once encourage and condemn the crime.

True, sir, I write and have a patron too,
 To whom my tributary songs are due;

Yet with your leave I'd honestly dissuade
Those wretched men from Pindar's barren shade :
Who tho' they fire their muse, and rack their brains
With blust'ring heroes, and with piping swains,
Can no great patient, giving man engage
To fill their pockets, and their title-page.
Were I, like these, unhappily decreed
By penny elegies to get my bread,
Or want a meal, unless George Croom and I
Could strike a bargain for my poetry,
I'd damn my works to wrap up soap and cheese,
Or furnish squibs for city prentices
To burn the pope, and celebrate queen Bess. }

But on ; your ruin stubbornly pursue,
Herd with the hungry little chiming crew,
Obtain the empty title of a wit,
And be at free-cost noisy in the pit ;
Print your dull poems, and before 'em place
A crown of laurel, and a meagre face.
And may just heav'n thy hated life prolong,
'Till thou, blest author, seest thy deathless song,
The dusty lumber of a Smithfield stall,
And find'st thy picture starch'd 'gainst suburb wall,
With Jonny Armstrong, and the prodigal. }
And to compleat the curse——
When age and poverty comes faster on,
And sad experience tells thou art undone.
May no kind country grammar school afford
Ten pounds a year to pay for bed and board ;
'Till void of any fix'd employ, and now
Grown usefess to the army and the plough,
You've no friend left, but trusting landlady,
Who stows you on hard truckle, garret high,
To dream of dinner, and curse poetry. }

Sir, I've a patron, you reply, 'tis true,
Fortune and parts you say, may get one too :

Why faith e'en try, write, flatter, dedicate;
 My lord's, and his forefathers deeds relate:
 Yet know he'll wisely strive ten thousand ways;
 To shun a needy poet's fulsome praise;
 Nay, to avoid thy importunity,
 Neglect his state, and condescend to be
 A poet, tho' perhaps a worse than thee.

Thus from a patron he becomes a friend,
 Forgetting to reward, learns to commend;
 Receives your twelve long months successless toil,
 And talks of authors, energy, and style;
 Damns the dull poems of the scribbling town,
 Applauds your writings, and repeats his own,
 Whilst thou in complaisance oblig'd, must sit
 T' extol his judgment and admire his wit;
 And wrapt with his essay on poetry
 Swear Horace writ not half so strong as he,
 But that we're partial to antiquity.
 Yet this authentic peer perhaps scarce knows
 With jingling sounds to tag insipid prose,
 And should be by some honest * Manly told,
 He'd lost his credit to secure his gold.

But if thou'rt blest enough to write a play,
 Without the hungry hopes of kind third day,
 And he believes that in thy dedication
 Thou'lt fix his name, not bargain for the station,
 My lord his useless kindness then assures,
 And to the utmost of his pow'r he's your's;
 How fine your plot, how exquisite each scene!
 And play'd at court, would strangely please the queen,
 And you may take his judgment sure, for he
 Knows the true spirit of good poetry;

* The chief character in Mr. Wycherley's Plain-dealer.

And might with equal judgment have put in
For poet laureat as lord Chamberlain.
All this you see and know, yet cease to shun ;
And seeing, knowing, strive to be undone.
So kidnapt dutchess once beyond Gravesend,
Rejects the counsel of recalling friend ;
Is told the dreadful bondage she must bear,
And sees unable to avoid the snare.
So practis'd thief oft taken ne'er afraid,
Forgets the sentence, and pursues the trade,
Tho' yet he almost feels the smoaking brand,
And sad T. R. stands fresh upon his hand.
The author then, whose daring hopes would strive
With well-built verse to keep his fame alive,
And something to posterity present,
That's very new and very excellent ;
Something beyond the uncall'd drudging tribe,
Beyond what Bayes can write, or I describe ;
Shou'd in substantial happiness abound,
His mind with peace, his board with plenty crown'd,
No early duns should break his learned rest,
No saucy cares his nobler thoughts molest,
Only the God within should shake his lab'ring breast. }

In vain we from our sonneteers require,
The height of Cowley's and Anacreon's lyre.
In vain we bid them fill the bowl,
Large as their capacious soul,
Who since the king was crown'd ne'er tasted wine,
But writ at sight, and knew not where to dine.
In vain we bid dejected Settle hit
The tragic flights of Shakespear's tow'ring wit ;
He needs must miss the mark, who's kept so low,
He has not strength enough to draw the bow.
Sedly, indeed, and Rochester might write
For their own credit, and their friends delight,
Shewing how far they cou'd the rest outdo,
As in their fortunes, in their writing too

But

But should drudge Dryden this example take;
 And Absaloms for empty glory make,
 He'd soon perceive his income scarce enough,
 To feed his nostrils with inspiring snuff;
 Starving for meat, not surfeiting on praise,
 He'd find his brains as barren as his Bayes.

There was a time when Otway charm'd the stage;
 Otway the hope, the sorrow of our age;
 When the full pit with pleas'd attention hung,
 Wrapt with each accent from Castalio's tongue.
 With what a laughter was his soldier read!
 How mourn'd they when his Jaffier struck, and bled!
 Yet this best poet, tho' with so much ease,
 He never drew his pen but sure to please;
 Tho' lightning were less lively than his wit,
 And thunder-claps less loud than those o'th' pit,
 He had of's many wants much earlier dy'd,
 Had not kind banker Betterton supply'd,
 And took for pawn the embryo of a play,
 'Till he cou'd pay himself the next third Day.
 Were Shakespear's self to live again he'd ne'er
 Degen'rate to a poet from a play'r.
 Now Carlisle in the new rais'd troop we see,
 And chatt'ring Mountfort in the chancery;
 Mountfort how fit for politicks and law,
 That play'd so well fir Courtly and Jack Daw.
 Dance then attendance in slow Muirgrave's hall,
 Read maps, or court the fconces till he call;
 One actor's commendation shall do more
 Than patron now or merit heretofore.
 Some poets, I confess, the stage have fed,
 Who for half crowns are shown, for two pence read;
 But these not envy thou but imitate,
 Much rather starve in Shadwell's silent fate,
 Than new vamp'd farces, and be damn'd with Tate. }
 For now no Sidneys will three hundred give,
 That needy Spenser and his fame may live;

None of our new nobility will send
To the King's Bench, or to his Bedlam friend.*
Chymists and whores by Buckingham were fed,
Those by their honest labours gain'd their bread;
But he was never so expensive yet,
To keep a creature merely for his wit;
And Cowley from Hall-Clifden scarce could have
One grateful stone, to shew the world his grave.
Pembroke lov'd tragedy, and did provide
For butcher's dogs, and for the whole bankside,
The bear was fed, but dedicating Lee,
Was thought to have a larger paunch than he.
More I could say but care not much to meet
A crab-tree cudgel in a narrow street.
Be sides, your yawning prompts me to give o'er:
Your humble servant, sir, not one word more.

Ad Virum doctissimum, & Amicum, Dominum
SAMUELEM SHAW, dum Theses de
ICTERO pro Gradu Doctoris defenderet.

PHŒBE potens sævis morbis vel lædere gentes,
Lasas solerti vel relevare manu,
Aspice tu decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum profit in arte labor:
Non ictûrm pothac pestemve minaberis orbi,
Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc iras, & nato carmina dona;
Neglectum telum deice, sume lyram.

Matthæus Prior, A. M. & Colleg.

4 Junii 1692.

Divi Ioann. Cantab. Socius.

* Nat. L E E.

IMITATED by Mr COOKE.

To my Learned Friend

SAMUEL SHAW,

At taking his DOCTOR's degree, and Defending
a Thesis on the JAUNDICE.

O! PHŒBUS, deity, whose pow'rful hand
Can spread diseases thro' the joyful land;
Alike all pow'rful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations smile again;
When Shaw, our pride, you see, confess you find
In him what art can do with labour join'd;
No more the world the Jaundice threats shall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy, is near:
Suppress thy rage, with verse thy son inspire,
The dart neglected to assume the lyre.

The R E M E D Y worse than the
D I S E A S E.

I.

I Sent for Radcliffe, was so ill,
The other doctors gave me over,
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his Pill,
And I was likely to recover.

II.

But when the Wit began to wheeze,
And Wine had warm'd the Politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my Physician.

On

On Bishop ANTERBURY's Burying his Grace

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, 1721.

I Have no hopes, the Duke he says, and dies;
In sure and certain hopes——the Prelate cries:
Of these two learned Peers, I prythee say, man,
Who is the lying Knave, the Priest or Layman?
The Duke he stands an Infidel confess,
He's our dear Brother quoth the lordly Priest.
The Duke, tho' Knave; still Brother dear he cries,
And, who can say, the rev'rend Prelate lies?

VERSES spoke to the LADY HENRIETTA-
CAVENDISH-HOLLES HARLEY, in the Library of
St. John's COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, November the 9th, Anno 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna visited the muses-seat,
(Around her tomb let weeping angels wait)
Hail Thou, the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour* and most welcome guest.
Nor Harley's self to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir,
Not He such pleasing honours shall receive,
As to his Consort we aspire to give.
Writings of men our thought to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the softer sex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great foll'wers whom this house has bred,

* The Seat of this noble family is at Wimpole in
Cambridgeshire.

To

To study lessons from thy morals given,
 And shining characters, impress'd by heaven.
 Science in books no longer we pursue,
 Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;
 For when with beauty we can virtue join,
 We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incenſe let our neighbours bring,
 To the kind mem'ry of ſome bounteous King,
 With grateful hand, due altars let them raiſe,
 To ſome good Knight's or holy Prelates praiſe; ‡
 We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
 Your eyes we bleſs, your praiſes we proclaim,
 Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
 Enjoyn'd by ſtatute, to the fair we bow;
 In ſpite of time we keep our antient vow;
 What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

‡ Sir Thomas White was the founder of St. John's College, Oxon; and their greateſt Benefactor, next to him, was Archbiſhop Laud.

PROLOGUE to the ORPHAN.

Represented by some of the Westminster Scholars, at
Hickford's Dancing-room in Pantion-street near Leicester-fields, the second of February, 1720.

Spoken by the Lord DUPLIN, who acted CORDELIO.*

WHAT! wou'd my humble comrades have me say?
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the Play?
Such work by hireling actors shou'd be done,
Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown:
Our gen'rous scenes for friendship we repeat;
And if we don't delight; at least we treat.
Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder,
We may be ask'd whose Patent we act under?

How shall we gain you Alamode de France?
We hir'd this room; but none of us can dance
In cutting capers we shall never please:
Our learning does not lie below our knees.

Shall we procure you symphony and sound?
Then you must each subscribe Two hundred Pound,
There we shou'd fail too, as to point of voice:
Mistake us not: We're no Italian boys:
True Britons born; from Westminster we come;
And only speak the style of antient Rome.
We wou'd deserve, nor poorly beg applause;
And stand or fall by Friend's and Busby's laws.

* The Page in the Orphan.

For the Distress'd your pity we implore;
 If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,
 But leave our Orphan squalling at your door.

The CONVERSATION.

A TALE

IT always has been thought discreet,
 To know the company your meet;
 And sure there may be secret danger,
 In talking much before a stranger.
 Agreed: What then? then drink your ale,
 I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.

No matter where the scene is fixt:
 The persons were but oddly mixt;
 When sober Damon thus began:
 (And Damon is a clever man)
 I now grow old; but still, from youth,
 Have held for Modesty and Truth.
 The men who by these sea-marks steer,
 In life's great voyage never err:
 Upon this point I dare defy
 The world: I pause for a reply.

Sir, either is a good assistant:
 Said one who sat a little distant:
 Truth decks our Speeches, and our books;
 And Modesty adorns our Looks:
 But farther progress we must take,
 Not only born to Look and Speak:
 The man must Act. The Stagyrite
 Says thus, and says extremely right:
 Strict justice is the sov'reign guide,
 That o'er our actions shou'd preside:

This queen of virtues is confest,
To regulate and bind the rest.
Thrice happy, if you can but find
Her equal balance poize your mind :
All diff'rent graces soon will enter,
Like lines concurrent to their center.

'Twas thus, in short, these Two went on,
With Yea and Nay, And Pro and Con,
Thro' many points divinely dark,
And Waterland assailing Clarke ;
'Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening post ;
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politicks held forth.

Methinks we're in the like condition,
As at the Treaty of Partition :
That stroke, for all king WILLIAM's care,
Begot another tedious war.
Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd that Mystic League :
In the vile Utretcht treaty too,
Poor man, he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply ;
But down-right dunstable was I,
And told him, where they were mistaken,
And counsell'd him to save his Bacon :
But (pass his Politicks and Prose)
I never herded with his foes ;
Nay, in his Verses, as a friend,
I still found something to commend :
Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown-maid ;
Whate'er severer critick said :
Too far, I own, the girl was try'd :
The women all were on my side.
For Alma I return'd him thanks :
I lik'd her with her little pranks :

Indeed

Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme,
Was much too great to be sublime.

Pindar and Damon scorn transition :
So on he ran a new division ;
'Till out of breath he turn'd to spit :
(Chance often helps us more than wit)
T'other that lucky moment took,
Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the gifts the gods afford,
(If we may take old Tully's word)
The greatest is a friend ; whose love
Knows how to praise, and when reprove :
From such a treasure never part,
But hang the jewel on your heart :
And, pray, sir (it delights me) tell ;
You know this author mighty well—
“ Know him ! d'ye question it ? Ods fish !
“ Sir, does a beggar know his dish ?
“ I lov'd him, as I told you, I
“ Advis'd him”——Here a stander by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, silence broke ;
Damon, 'tis time we shou'd retire :
The man you talk with is Mat Prior.

Patron thro' life, and from thy birth my friend ;
Dorset, to thee, this fable let me send :
With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth :
The foil is known to set the diamond forth :
Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
How many Damons, how few Dorsets live.

July, 1721.

COLIN'S MISTAKES.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER'S Style.

Me ludit Amabilis
Infania.

Hor.

I.

FAST by the banks of Cam was Colin bred :
(Ye nymphs for ever guard that sacred stream ;)
To Wimpole's woody shade his way be sped :
(Flourish those woods, the Muses endless theme.)
As'whilom Colin antient books had read,
Lays Greek and Roman wou'd he oft rehearse,
And much he lov'd, and much by heart he said,
What father Spenser sung in British verse.
Who reads that bard, desires like him to write,
Still fearful of success, still tempted by delight.

II.

Soon as Aurora had unbarr'd the morn,
And light discover'd nature's chearful face :
The sounding clarion, and the sprightly horn
Call'd the blythe huntsman to the distant chace,
Eftsoons they issue forth a goodly band :
The deep-mouth'd hounds with thunder rend the
The fiery Coursers strike the rising sand ; [air,
Far thro' the thicket flies the frightened Deer ;
Harley the honour of the day supports :
His presence glads the wood ; his orders guide the sports.

III.

On a fair Palfry well equip't did sit
An Amazonian-dame ; a scarlet vest
For active horsemanship adaptly fit
Inclos'd her dainty limbs ; a plumed crest

Vol. II.

B

Wav'd

Wav'd o'er her head ; obedient by her side
 Her friends and servants rode ; with artful hand
 Full well knew she the steed to turn and guide :
 The willing steed receiv'd her soft command :
 Courage and sweetness in her face were seated ;
 On her all eyes were bent, and all good wishes waited.

IV.

This seeing, Colin thus his Muse bespake.
 For alltydes was the Muse to Colin nigh,
 Ah me too nigh ! or, Clio, I mistake ;
 Or that bright form that pleaseth so mine eye,
 Is Jove's fair daughter Pallas, gracious queen
 Of lib'ral arts ; with wonder and delight
 In Homer's verse we read her ; well I ween,
 That em'lous of his Grecian master's flight,
 Dan Spenser makes the fav'rite goddess known ;
 When in her graceful look fair Britomart is shown.

V.

At noon as Colin to the castle came,
 Ope'd were the gates, and right prepar'd the feast,
 Appears at table richly clad a dame,
 The lord's delight, the wonder of the guest.
 With pearl and jewels was she sumptuous deckt,
 As well became her dignity and place ;
 But the beholders mought her gems neglect,
 To fix their eyes on her more lovely face,
 Serene with glory, and with softness bright :
 O beauty sent from heav'n, to cheer the mortal sight !

VI.

Lib'ral Munificence behind her stood ;
 And decent state obey'd her high command ;
 And Charity diffuse of native good
 At once portrays her mind, and guides her hand,
 As to each guest some fruits she deign'd to list,
 And silence with obliging parley broke ;
 How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted gift ;
 But how more gracious what the giver spoke ?

Such

Such ease, such freedom did her deed attend,
That ev'ry guest rejoic'd, exalted to a friend.

VII.

Quoth Collin; Clio, if my feeble sense
Can well distinguish yon illustrious dame,
Who nobly doth such gentle gifts dispense;
In Latian numbers Juno is her name,
Great goddess, who with peace and plenty crown'd,
To all that under sky breathe vital air
Diffuseth bliss, and through the world around
Pours wealthy ease, and scatters joyous cheer;
Certes of her in semblant guise I read;
Where Spenser decks his lays with Gloriana's deed.

VIII.

As Colin mus'd at ev'ning near the wood;
A nymph undress'd, bescemeth, by him past,
Down to her feet her silken garment flow'd:
A ribbon bound and shap'd her slender waist:
A veil dependent from her comely head,
And beauteous plenty of ambrosial hair,
O'er her fair breast and lovely shoulders spread,
Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the air.
The smiling Zephyrs call'd their am'rous brothers:
They kiss'd the waving lawn, and waded it to others.

IX.

Daisies and violets rose, where'er she trod;
As Flora kind her roots and buds had sorted:
And led by Hymen, wedlock's mystic god;
Ten thousand Loves around the nymph disported.
Quoth Colin; now I ken the goddess bright,
Whom poets sing: all human hearts enthrall'd,
Obey her pow'r; her kindness the delight
Of gods and men; great Venus she is call'd,
When Mantuan Virgil doth her charms rehearse;
Belphebe is her name, in gentle Edmond's verse.

X.

Heard this the muse, and with a smile reply'd,
 Which shew'd soft anger mixt with friendly love
 Twin sisters still were ignorance and pride;
 Can we know right, 'till error we remove?
 But, Colin well I wist, will never learn:
 Who flights his guide shall deviate from his way:
 Me to have ask'd what thou cou'dst not discern,
 To thee pertain'd; to me the thing to say.
 What heav'nly will from human eye conceals.
 How can the bard aread, unless the muse reveals?

XI.

Nor Pallas thou, nor Britomart hast seen;
 When soon at morn the flying deer was chas'd:
 Nor Jove's great wife, nor Spenfer's fairy queen.
 At noon-tyde dealt the honours of the feast:
 Nor Venus, nor Belphebe didst thou spy,
 The evening's glory, and the grove's delight.
 Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
 That all the day to knowing mortals fight
 Bright Ca'ndish-Holles-Harly stood confest,
 As various hour advis'd, in various habit drest.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
Countess Dowager of DEVONSHIRE,

O N

A Piece of WISSIN's

Whereon were all her GRANDSON'S
PAINTED.

WISSIN and Nature held a long contest,
If she Created, or he Painted best ;
With pleasing thought the wond'rous combat grew,
She still form'd Fairer, he still liker drew.
In these seven brethren, they contended last,
With art increas'd their utmost skill they try'd,
And both well pleas'd, they had themselves surpass'd.
The goddess triumph'd, and the painter dy'd.
That both, their skill to this vast height did raise,
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise :
For here as in some glass is well descry'd,
Only yourself thus often multiply'd.

When heav'n had you and gracious Anna* made,
What more exalted beauty could it add ;
Having no nobler images in store,
It but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than copy well, what it well fram'd before.

* Eldest daughter of the Countess.

If in dear Burleigh's generous face we see
 Obliging truth, and handsome honesty;
 With all that world of charms, which soon will move
 Reverence in men, and in the fair ones love:
 His ev'ry grace, his fair descent assures,
 He has his mother's beauty, she has yours.
 If ever Cecil's face had ev'ry charm
 That thought can fancy, or that heav'n can form;
 Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
 They are all fair because they're all like you:
 If every Ca'ndish great and charming look,
 From you that air, from you the charms they took.
 In their each limb your image is exprest,
 But on their brow firm courage stands confest;
 There their great father by a strong increase,
 Adds strength to beauty, and compleats the piece.
 Thus still your beauty in your sons we view,
 Wiflin seven times one great perfection drew,
 Whoever fate, the picture still is you.
 So when the parent sun with genial beams,
 Has animated many goodly gems;
 He sees himself improv'd, while every stone,
 With a resembling light, reflects a sun.
 So when great Rhea many births had given,
 Such as might govern earth, and people heav'n;
 Her glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known.
 She saw the deity in every son:
 And to what god soe'er men altars rais'd,
 Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd,
 In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys
 Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys:
 Your stronger beauty, time can ne'er deface,
 'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.

Ah! Wiflin, had thy art been so refin'd,
 As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,

Thro' circling years thy labours would survive,
And living rules to fairest virtue give
To men unborn, and ages yet to live;
'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
Against what time, or spite, or fate could do,
'Till thine confus'd with nature's pieces lie,
And Cavendish's name, and Cecil's honour die.

The FEMALE PHAETON.

I.

THUS Kitty, *beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd;
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd.

II.

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise Mamma ordain'd;
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd.

III.

Shall I thumb holy books; confin'd
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

IV.

Must lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cozens?
At balls must She make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

* Lady Katherine Hyde: to whom, this, and the following copy was sent, by the late honourable Simon Harcourt, Esq;

V.

What, better has she, pray, than I?
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die,
 Whilst I am scarce a toast?

VI.

Dearest Mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd my fortune try;
 I'll have my Earl, as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.

VII.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
 Make all her lover's fall;
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
 She, I was loos'd at all.

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave way;
 Kitty at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

The JUDGMENT of VENUS.

I.

WHEN Kneller's works of various grace,
 Were to fair Venus shown,
 The goddess spy'd in every face
 Some features of her own.

II.

Just so, (and pointing with her hand)*
 So shone, says she, my eyes,
 When from two goddesses I gain'd
 An apple for a prize.

* To the Picture of Lady Ranelagh.

III.

III.

When in the glass and river too,
My face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the glass be true,
If true the crystal flood.

IV.

In colours of this glorious kind *
Apelles painted me;
My hair thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native sea.

V.

Like this, disorder'd, wild, forlorn, †
Big with ten thousand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn
Ev'n beautiful in tears.

VI.

But viewing Myra plac'd apart,
I fear, says she, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir Godfrey's art
Has far surpass'd thine here.

VII.

Or I, a goddess of the skies,
By Myra am outdone,
And must resign to her the prize,
The apple, which I won.

VIII.

But soon as she had Mira seen
Majestically fair,
The sparkling eye, the look serene,
The gay and easy air.

IX.

With fiery emulation fill'd,
The wondring goddess cry'd,
Apelles, must to Kneller yield,
Or Venus, must to Hyde.

* Picture of the Lady Salisbury.

† Lady Jane Douglas Sister to the Duke of Douglas.

T H R E N U S ;

OR,

STANZAS on the Death of Mr. PRIOR.

I.

MAT. PRIOR?—and we must submit!
 Is at his journey's end:
 In whom the world has lost a Wit?
 And I, what's more, a Friend.

II.

Who vainly hopes long here to stay,
 May see with weeping eyes;
 Not only nature parts away,
 But e'en Good-nature dies.

III.

Shon'd grave ones count these praises light,
 To such it may be said;
 A Man, in this lamented Weight,
 Of business too is dead.

IV.

From ancestors, as might a fool!
 He trac'd no High-fetch'd Stem;
 But gloriously revers'd the rule,
 By dignifying them.

V.

O! gentle Cambridge! sadly say,
 Why fates are so unkind?
 To snatch thy giant-sons away,
 Whilst pygmies stay behind.

VI.

VI.

Horace and He were call'd in haste,
From this vile earth to heav'n;
The cruel year not fully pass'd,
Ætatis, fifty-seven.

VII.

So, on the tops of Lebanon,
Tall cedars felt the sword;
To grace, by care of Solomon,
The temple of the Lord.

VIII.

A tomb, amidst the learned, may
The Western-Abbey give!
Like theirs, his ashes must decay;
Like theirs, his fame shall live.

IX.

Close, carver! by some well-cut books,
Let a thin busto tell;
In sight of plump and pamper'd looks,
How scanty sense can dwell!

X.

No epitaph, of tedious length,
Shou'd over-charge the stone;
Since loftiest verse would lose it's strength,
In mentioning his own.

XI.

At once! and not verbosely tame,
Some brave Laconic-pen
Shou'd smartly touch his ample name;
In form of—O rare Ben!

S O N G,

To his MISTRESS.

I.

WHilst I am scorch'd with hot desire,
 In vain, cold friendship you return;
 Your drops of pity on my fire,
 Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

II.

Ah! wou'd you have the flame suppress
 That kills the heart it heals too fast,
 Take half my passion to your breast,
 The rest in mine shall ever last.

An O D E,

In Imitation of the SECOND ODE of the third book
 of H O R A C E.

Written in the Year 1692.

I.

HOW long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie (a)
 In the lethargic sleep the sad repose,
 By which thy close thy constant enemy,
 Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes;

(a) Angustam, amici, pauperiem pati
 Robustus acri militiâ puer
 Condiscat, & parthos feroces
 Vexet eques metuendus hastâ.

Or

Or wake degenerate isle, or cease to own
What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done.
The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won,
WILLIAM (so fate requires) again is arm'd;
Thy father to the field is gone:
Again Maria weeps her absent lord;
For thy repose content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd?
When WILLIAM fights dare they look tamely on,
So slow to get their antient fame restor'd,
As not to melt at beauties tears, nor follow valour's sword?

II.

See the repenting isle awakes,
Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks:
The fogs around her temples are dispell'd;
Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand
Prepar'd to meet their common lord's command;
Her lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand;
And blushing to have been so long with-held,
Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field:
(b) Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear

Hazardous toil and active war:
To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
Patient of summer's drought, and martial sweat;
And only grieve in winter's camps to find,
It's days too short for labours they design'd:
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;
All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach;
And all the rugged paths to tread,
Where WILLIAM and his virtue lead.

III.

(c) Silence is the soul of war,
Delib'rate counsel must prepare

(b) Vitamque sub dio & trepidis agat
In rebus.

(c) Est & fideli tuta silentio
Merces, &c.

The mighty work which valour must compleat :
 Thus WILLIAM rescu'd, thus preserves the state ;
 Thus teaches us to think and dare ;
 As whilst his cannon thus prepar'd to breathe
 Avenging anger and swift death,
 In the try'd metal the close dangers glow,
 And now too late the dying foe
 Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow,
 So whilst in WILLIAM's breast ripe counsels lie,
 Secret and sure as brooding fate,
 No more of his design appear
 Than what awakens Gallia's fears ;
 And (tho' guilts eye can sharply penetrate)
 Distracted Lewis can descry,
 Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman coasts and banks of frightened Seine,
 Lo! the impending storms begin ;
 Britannia safely thro' her master's sea
 Plows up her victorious way.
 The French Salmonsus throws his bolts in vain,
 Whilst the true thunderer asserts the main ;
 'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
 Swift victory in vengeful flames
 Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names.
 They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,
 And the torn vessels that regain their coast
 Are but sad marks to shew the rest are lost :
 All this the mild, the beauteous queen has done,
 And WILLIAM's sister half, shakes Lewis' throne.

Maria does the sea command,
 Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arms by land,
 So, the sun absent, with full sway the moon
 Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone ;
 So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.

Iö Britannia ! loose thy ocean's chains,
 Whilst Russel strikes the blow thy queen ordains,
 Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
 And bless the counsel, and reward the hand,
 Iö Britannia ! thy Maria reigns.

V.

(d) From Mary's conquests, and the rescu'd main,
 Let France look forth to Sambre's armed shore,
 And boast her joy for WILLIAM's death no more.
 He lives ; let France confess, the victor lives :
 Her triumphs for his death were vain,
 And spoke her terror of his life too plain.
 The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
 In which That one of Lewis' many wives,
 Who by the baleful force of guilty charms,
 Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
 Shall o'er the plains from distant tow'rs on high

Cast around her mournful eye,

And with prophetic sorrow cry :

Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight ?
 Why does despair provoke his age to fight ?
 As well the wolf may venture to engage
 The angry lion's gen'rous rage ;
 The rav'nous vulture, and the bird of night,
 As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight,
 As Lewis to unequal arms defy
 Yon' hero, crown'd with blooming victory,

(d)——— *Illum ex mænibus hosticis*

Matrona bellantis tyranni

Prospiciens, & adulta virgo

Suspiret, eheu ! ne rudis agminum

Sponsus, laceſſat regius asperum

Tactu leonem quem cnuenta

Per medias rapit ira cædes.

Just

Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
 See ! all yon' dusky fields quite cover'd o'er
 With hostile troops, and ORANGE at their head,

ORANGE destin'd to compleat

The great designs of lab'ring fate,
 ORANGE, the name that tyrants dread :
 He comes, our ruin'd empire is no more :
 Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallick throne,
 Darius flies, young Ammon urges on.

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingl'd heat,
 Let fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing, (e)
 Impatient to secure a base retreat,
 Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,

For the vile privilege to breathe,
 To live with shame in dread of glorious death.
 In vain : for fate has swifter wings than fear,
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear,
 Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
 His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound :
 Whilst thro' the fiercest troops, and thickest press,
 Virtue carries on success ;
 Whilst equal heav'n guards the distinguish'd brave
 And armies cannot hurt whom Angels save.

VII.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives, (f)
 Each by the other's mutual friendship lives : Æne-

(e) Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori,
 Mors & fugacem prosequitur virum
 Nec parit imbellis juventæ
 Poplitibus timidoque tergo.

(f) Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus

Nec

Æneas suffer'd and Achilles fought,
The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought :
Our Virgil's majesty, and Homer's rage,
Had ne'er like lasting nature vanquish'd age ;
Whilst Lewis then his rising terror drowns,
With drum's alarms, and trumpet's sounds,
Whilst hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
From danger as from honour far,
He bribes close murder against open war :
In vain your Gallic muses strive
With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive ;
Your mould'ring monuments in vain you raise ;
On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise :
Your songs are sold, your numbers are prophane,
'Tis incense to an idol giv'n,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man,
That had no soul from heav'n.
Against his will you chain your frightened king,
On rapid Rhine's divided bed ;
And mock your hero, whilst you sing
The wounds for which he never bled ;
Falshood does poison on your praise diffuse,
And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's muse.

VIII.

On it's own worth true majesty is rear'd,
And virtue is her own reward,
With solid beams and native glory bright,
She neither darkness dreads nor covets light ;
True to herself, and fix'd to inborn laws,
Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause,
She from her settl'd orb, looks calmly down ;
On life or death, a prison or a crown.
When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
To foreign arms, and inward strife a prey,

Nec ponit aut sumit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

Whist One Good Man buoy'd up her sinking state,
 And virtue labour'd against fate;
 When fortune basely with ambition join'd,
 And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's mind;
 When storms let loose, and raging seas
 Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm;
 Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm;
 Nor all the Syren songs of future peace,
 And dazzling prospect of a promis'd crown,
 Cou'd lure his stubborn virtue down;
 But against charms, and threats, and hell, he stood
 To that which was severely good;
 Then, had no trophies justify'd his fame,
 No poet bless'd his song with NASSAU's name,
 Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
 And heav'n as plainly pointed out the King,
 As when he at the altar stood,
 In all his types and robes of pow'r,
 Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
 And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful Maeze' and Boyne's victorious flood,
 (For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
 When WILLIAM's armies past, did he retire,
 Or view from far the battles distant fire?
 Could he believe his person was too dear?
 Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?
 Could pray'rs and sighs the dauntless hero move?
 Arm'd with heav'n's justice and his people's love,
 Thro' the first waves he wing'd his vent'rous way,
 And on the adverse shore arose,
 (Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose)
 Like the great ruler of the day,
 With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea:
 Like him, all day he toil'd: but long in night
 The god has eas'd his weary'd light,
 E're vengeance left the stubborn foes,
 Or WILLIAM's labours found repose,

When

When his troops falter'd slept not he between
Restor'd the dubious fight again,
Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,
And led the fainting brave to victory?
Sill as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful course, still brought her bleeding back?
By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?
Was he not king, commander, soldier, all?—
His dangers such, as, with becoming dread,
His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read,
And were not those the only days that e'er
The pious prince refus'd to hear
His friends advices, or his subjects pray'r.

X.

Where-e'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
Or fills his vassal's tributary urns;
To Belgia's sav'd dominions, and the sea,
Whose righted waves rejoice in WILLIAM's sway,
Is there a town where children are not taught,
"Here Holland prosper'd, for here ORANGE fought,
"Thro' rapid waters, and thro' flying fire:
"Here rush'd the prince, here made whole France re-
By diff'rent nations be this valour blest, [tire.]—

In diff'rent languages confess,

And then let Shannon speak the rest:

Let Shannon speak, how on her wond'ring shore,
When conquest hov'ring on his arms did wait,
And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er.
The god-like man, the more than conqueror,
With high contempt sent back the specious bait,
And scorning glory at a price too great,
With so much pow'r such piety did join,
As made a perfect virtue soar

A pitch unknown to man before,
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.

XI.

Nor do his subjects only share
 The pros'prous fruits of his indulgent reign ;
 His enemies approve the pious war,
 Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain :
 More than his sword, his goodness strikes his foes,
 They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose.
 Justice and freedom on his conquests wait,
 And 'tis for man's delight that he is great :
 Succeeding times shall with long joy contend,
 If he were more a victor or a friend :
 So much his courage and his mercy strive ;
 He wounds to cure ; and conquers, to forgive.

XII.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cause,
 Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
 To my advent'rous song just witness bear,
 Assist the pious muse, and hear her swear,
 That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,
 But solid story, and severest trust,
 That WILLIAM treasures up a greater name,
 Than any country, any age can boast :
 (g) And all that antient stock of fame
 He did from his fore-father's take,
 He has improv'd, and gives with int'rest back ;
 And in his constellation does unite
 Their scatter'd rays of fainter light :
 Above or envy's lash, or fortune's wheel,
 That settl'd glory shall for ever dwell ;
 Above the rolling orbs and common sky,
 Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

(g) Virtus recludens immeritis mori,
 Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ
 Cætusque vulgares & udam,
 Spernit humum fugiente penna,

XIII.

XIII.

Where roves the muse? where thoughtless to return,
Is her short-liv'd vessel born?
By potent winds too subject to be tost?
And in the sea of WILLIAM's praises lost?
Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore,
Where our abandon'd youth she sees,
Shipwreck'd in luxury, and lost in ease;
Whom not Britannia's danger can alarm,
Nor WILLIAM's exemplary virtue warm:
Tell 'em howe'er, the king can yet forgive:
Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,
And let their wounded honour live:
Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong it's course;
(b) For tho' for certain years, and destin'd times,
Merit has lain confus'd with cares,
Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our pray'rs,
His justice now demands the equal scales,
Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails:
Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,
And Europe is redeem'd, and WILLIAM reigns.

(b) ——— Sæpe diespiter
Neglectus incesto addidit integrum
Raro antecedentem scelestum.
Deservit pede pœna claudo.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O

SIR FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD.

WHEN crowding folks, with strange ill faces,
 Were making legs, and begging places,
 And some with patents, some with merit,
 Tir'd out my good lord Dorset's spirit :
 Sneaking, I flood, among the crew,
 Desiring much to speak with you.
 I waited while the clock struck thrice,
 And footman brought out fifty lies ;
 'Till patience vex'd, and legs grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry ,
 Or did opine it might be better,
 By penny-post to send a letter.
 Now, if you miss of this epistle,
 I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle,
 My business, sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little place,
 And fair pretensions I have for't,
 Much need, and very small desert.
 When e'er I writ to you, I wanted ;
 I always begg'd, you always granted,
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my learning, and my vittle :
 Askt for me, from my lord, things fitting
 Kind as I had been your own begetting ;

Nor

Confirm what formerly you've giv'n,
Nor leave me now at fix and sevens,
As Sunderland has left Mun. Stephens.
No family that takes a whelp,
When first he laps and scarce can yelp,
Neglects or turns him out of gate,
When he's grown up to dog's estate;
No parish if they once adopt
The spurious brats that strollers dropt,
Leave 'em when grown up lusty fellows,
To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
No thank 'em for their love; that's worse,
Than if they'd throttl'd 'em at nurse.

My uncle, rest his soul, when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cyder to replenish
My vaults or ebbing tide of rhenish.
So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
Swear't had the flavour, and was right wine:
Or sent me with ten pounds to Furni-
Vall's inn, to some good rogue-attorney;
Where now by forging deeds and cheating,
I'd found some handsome ways of getting.
All this you made me quit to follow
That sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo.
Sent me among a fidling crew
Of folks, I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and god knows who.
To add no more invectives to it,
You spoil'd the youth to make the poet.
In common justice, sir, there's no man
That makes the whore but keeps the woman.
Among all honest christian people
Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.

The sum of all I have to say,
Is, that you'd put me in some way,
And your petitioner shall pray.

There's

There's one thing more I had almost slip't,
 But they may do as well in post-script;
 My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd,
 Nor would I have it long observ'd,
 That one Mouse eats while t'other's starv'd.

}

A

S A T I R E

ON THE

MODERN TRANSLATORS.

Odi imitatores servum pecus, &c.

SINCE the united cunning of the stage
 Has balk'd the hireling drudges of the age:
 Since Betterton of late so thrifty grown,
 Revives old plays, or wisely acts his own;
 Thumb'd Rider with a catalogue of rhimes,
 Makes the compleatest poet of our times:
 Those who with nine months toil had spoil'd a play,
 In hopes of eating at a full third day,
 Justly despairing longer to sustain,
 A craving stomach from an empty brain,
 Have left stage practice, chang'd their old vocations,
 Atoning for bad plays, with worse translations;
 And like old Sternhold, with laborious spite,
 Burlesque what nobler muses better write;
 Thus while they for their causes only seem
 To change the channel, they corrupt the stream.

So

So breaking vintners to increase their wine
With nauseous drugs debauch the gen'rous vine.
So barren Gipsies for recruit are said
With strangers issue to maintain the trade;
But lest the fairer bantling should be known,
A daubing walnut makes him all their own.

In the head of this gang lo' John Dryden appears,
But to save the town-censure, and lessen his fears,
Join'd with a spark, whose title makes me civil,
For Scandalum Magnatum is the devil;
Such mighty thoughts from Ovid's letters flow,
That the translation is a work for two;
Who in one copy join'd, their shame have shown,
Since Tate could spoil so many, tho' alone:
My lord I thought so generous would prove,
To scorn a rival in affairs of love:
But well he knew his teeming pangs were vain,
'Till midwife Dryden eas'd his labouring brain:
And that when part of Hudibras's horse
Jogg'd on, the other would not hang an arse;
So when fleet Jowler hears the joyful hollow,
He drags his sluggish mate, and Tray must follow.
But how could this learn'd brace employ their time?
One constru'd sure, while t'other pump'd for rhyme:
Or it with these, as once at Rome, succeeds,
The Bibulus subscribes to Cæsar's deeds:
This from his partner's acts ensures his name,
Oh Sacred Thirst of everlasting fame!
That could defile those well-cut nails with ink,
And make his honour condescend to think:
But what excuse, what preface can atone
For crimes which guilty Bayes has singly done?
Bayes, whose Rose-Ally ambuscade enjoin'd
To be to vices which he practis'd, kind,
And brought the venom of a spiteful Satire,
To the safe innocence of a dull Translator.

Bayes

Bayes, who by all the club was thought most and fit
 To violate the Mantuan Poet's wit,
 And more debauch what loose Lucretius writ.
 When I behold the rovings of his muse,
 How soon Assyrian ointment she would lose
 For diamond buckles sparkling at her shoes.
 When Virgil's height is lost, when Ovid soars,
 And in heroics Canacé deplores
 Her follies, louder than her father roars,
 I'd let him take Almanzor for his theme;
 In lofty verse make Maximin blaspheme,
 Or sing in softer airs St. Catherine's dream.
 Nay, I could hear him damn last ages wit,
 And rail at excellence he ne'er could hit;
 His envy should at powerful Cowley rage,
 And banish sense with Johnson from the stage:
 His sacrilege should plunder Shakespear's urn,
 With a dull prologue make the ghost return,
 To bear a second death, and greater pain,
 While the fiend's words the oracle prophane.
 But when not satisfy'd with spoils at home,
 The pyrate would to foreign borders roam:
 May he still split on some unlucky coast,
 And have his works or dictionary lost!
 That he may know what Roman Authors mean,
 Or more than does our blind translatress Behn.

The female wit, who next convicted stands,
 Not for abusing Ovid's verse, but Sands';
 She might have learn'd from the ill-borrow'd grace,
 (Which little helps the ruin of her face)
 That wit, like beauty, triumphs o'er the heart,
 When more of nature's seen, and less of art:
 Nor strive in Ovid's letters to have shown
 As much of skill, as lewdness in her own.
 Then let her from the next inconstant lover,
 Take a new copy for a second rover:

Describe

Describe the cunning of a jilting whore,
From the ill arts herself has us'd before ;
Thus let her write, but Paraphrase no more.

}

Rymer to Crambo privilege does claim,
Not from the poet's genius, but his name ;
Which providence in contradiction meant,
Tho' he predestination could prevent,
And with bold dulness translate heav'n's intent.
Rash man ! we paid the adoration due,
That antient criticks were excell'd by you :
Each little wit to your tribunal came
To hear their doom, and to secure their fame :
But for respect you servilely sought praise,
Slighted the umpire's palm to court the poet's bays ;
While wise reflection and a grave discourse,
Declin'd to Zoons a river for a horse,
So discontented Pemberton withdrew,
From sleeping judges to the noisy crew ;
Chang'd awful ermin for a servile gown,
And to an humble fawning smooth'd his frown,
The simile will differ here indeed ;
You cannot versify, though he can plead.

}

To painful Creech my last advice descends,
That he and learning would at length be friends ;
That he'd command his dreadful forces home,
Nor be a second Hannibal to Rome.
But since no counsel his resolves can bow ;
Nor may thy fate, O Rome, resist his vow ;
Debarr'd from pens as lunatics from swords,
He should be kept from waging war with words,
Words which at first like atoms did advance
To the just measure of a tuneful dance,
And jumpt to form, as did his world's, by Chance.
This pleas'd the genius of the vicious town ;
The wits confirm'd his labours with renown,
And swear the early atheist for their own.

}
}
}

Had

Had he stopt here—but ruin'd by success,,
 With a new spawn he fill'd the burthen'd press,
 'Till as his volume swell'd his fame grew less.
 So merchants flatter'd with increasing gain,
 Still tempt the falshood of the doubtful main :
 So the first running of the lucky dice,
 Does eager bully to new bets entice ;
 'Till fortune urges him to be undone,
 And Ames-Ace loses what kind Sixes won.
 Witness this truth Lucretia's wretched fate,
 Which better have I heard my nurse relate ;
 The matron suffers violence again,
 Not Tarquin's lust so vile, as Creech's pen ;
 Witness those heaps his midnight studies raise,
 Hoping to rival Ogilby in praise :
 Both writ so much, so ill, a doubt might rise,
 Which with most justice might deserve the prize ;
 Had not the first the town with cuts appeas'd,
 And where the poem fail'd, the picture pleas'd.

Wits of a meaner rank, I could rehearse,
 But will not plague your patience, nor my verse :
 In long oblivion may they happy lie,
 And with their writings may their folly die.
 Now, why should we poor Ovid yet pursue,
 And make his very book an exile too,
 In words more barb'rous than the place he knew ?
 If Virgil labour'd not to be translated,
 Why suffers he the only thing he hated ?
 Had he foreseen some ill officious tongue,
 Wou'd in unequal strains blaspheme his song ;
 Nor prayers, nor force, nor fame shou'd e'er prevent
 The just performance of his wise intent :
 Smiling h' had seen his martyr'd work expire,
 Nor live to feel more cruel foes than fire.

Some sop in preface may those thefts excuse,
 That Virgil was the draught of Homer's muse :

That

That Horace's by Pindar's lyre was strung,
By the great image of whose voice he sung.
They found the mass, 'tis true, but in their mould
They purg'd the droffy oar to current gold:
Mending their pattern, they escap'd the curse;
Yet had they not writ better, they'd writ worse.
But when we bind the lyric up to rhyme,
And lose the sense to make the poem chime:
When from their flocks we force Sicilian swains,
To ravish Milk-maids in our English plains;
And wand'ring authors, e'er they touch our shore,
Must like our locust Hugonots be poor;
I'd bid th' importing club their pains forbear,
And traffick in our own tho' homely ware,
Whilst from themselves the honest vermin spin,
I'd like the texture, tho' the web be thin;
Nay, take Crown's plays, because his own, for wit
And praise what Dursley, not translating, writ.

A L O V E R ' s A N G E R .

AS Cloe came into the room t'other day,
I peevish began; where so long cou'd you stay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour:
You promis'd at two; and (pray look child) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals,
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear——
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
Lord bless me! said she; let a body but speak:
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vex'd me to such a degree——
See here; for you never believe me; pray see,
On the left side of my breast what a mark it has made.
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd.
That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd;
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

M E R-

MERCURY and CUPID.

In sullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of darts, his total Quiver;
That Hermes shou'd the weapons break,
Or throw 'em into Lethe's lake.

Hermes, you know, must do his errand:
He found his man, produc'd his warrant:
Cupid, your darts——this very hour——
There's no contending against power.

How sullen Jupiter, just now
I think I said: And you'll allow,
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngster's repartee.

Come kinsman (said the little God)
Put off your wings; lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower;
And rest yourself for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to heav'n:
But you fly fast: and 'tis but seven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celestial Hector——

He break my darts, or hurt my pow'r!
He, Leda's Swan, and Danae's Show'r!
Go, bid him his wife's tongue restrain;
And mind his thunder, and his rain——
My darts! O certainly I'll give 'em:
From Cloe's eyes he shall receive 'em.
There's one, the best in all my quiver,
Twang! through his very heart and Liver.
He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave:
Good lord! what bustle shall we have!
Neptune shall straight be sent to sea;
And Flora summon'd twice a-day:

One must find shells, and t'other flow'rs,
 For cooling grotts, and fragrant bow'rs,
 That Cloe may be serv'd in state:
 The Hours must at her toilet wait:
 Whilst all the reasoning fools below,
 Wonder their watches go so slow.
 Lybs must fly south and Eurus east,
 For jewels for her hair and breast:
 No matter tho' their cruel haste
 Sink cities, and lay forests waste.
 No matter tho' this fleet be lost;
 Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
 What whisp'ring in my mother's ear!
 What care, that Juno shou'd not hear!
 What work among you scholar gods!
 Phœbus must write him am'rous odes:
 And thou, poor cousin, must compose
 His letters in submissive prose:
 Whilst haughty Cloe to sustain
 The honour of my mystic reign,
 Shall all his gifts and vows disdain;
 An laugh at your old bully's pain.
 Dear Couz, said Hermes in a fright,
 For heav'n sake keep your darts: good night.

On BEAUTY. A RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me Cloe, what is this this,
 Or forfeit me one precious kiss.
 'Tis the first off-spring of the graces;
 Bears diff'rent forms in diff'rent places;
 Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld;
 Yet fancy'd finer when conceal'd.
 'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
 Pandora's box of good and harm:

'Twas

'Twas Mars's wish, Entymion's dream ;
 Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
 This guided Theseus thro' the maze ;
 And sent him home with life and praise.
 But this undid the Phrygian boy ;
 And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
 This shew'd great kindness to old Greece,
 And help'd rich Jason to the fleece.
 This thro' the east just vengeance hurl'd,
 And lost poor Anthony the world,
 Injur'd, tho' Lucrece found her doom ;
 This banish'd tyranny from Rome.
 Appeas'd, tho' Lais gain'd her hire ;
 This set Persepolis on fire.
 For this Alcides learn'd to spin ;
 His club laid down, and lion's skin.
 For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
 With servile care, a mortal's sheep.
 For this the father of the gods,
 Content to leave his high abodes,
 In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
 Europa's bull, and Leda's swan.
 For this he reassumes the nod ;
 (While Semele commands the god)
 Launces the bolt, and shakes the poles ;
 Tho' Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.
 Here list'ning Cloe smil'd, and said ;
 Your riddle is not hard to read :
 I guess it——Fair one, if you do ;
 Need I, alas ! the theme pursue ?
 For this, thou see'st, for this I leave,
 Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave,
 Ambition, business, friendship, news,
 My useful books, and serious muse.
 For this I willingly decline
 The mirth of feasts, and joys of wine ;
 And chuse to sit and talk with thee,
 (As thy great orders may decree)

Of cocks and bulls, of flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales, and foolish riddles.

The QUESTION, to LISETTA.

WHAT Nymph shou'd I admire, of trust,
But Cloe beauteous, Cloe just?
What nymph shou'd I desire to see,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom shou'd I compose the lay,
But her who listens, when I play?
To whom in song repeat my cares,
But her who in my sorrow shares?
For whom shou'd I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boast she wears it for my sake?
In love am I not fully blest?
Lisetta, pr'ythee tell the rest.

LISETTA's REPLY.

SURE Cloe just, and Cloe fair
Deserves to be your only care:
But when you and she to-day
Far into the wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by;
Which way did you cast your eye?
But when your cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in those cares she bears a part?

When you the flow'rs for Cloe twine,
 Why do you to her garland join
 The meanest bud that falls from mine?
 Simplest of swains! the world may see,
 Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

The G A R L A N D.

I.
THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lilly fair,
 The dappl'd pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.
 At morn the nymph vouchsaf't to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath;
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

III.
 The flow'rs she wore along the day:
 And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,
 That in her hair they lookt more gay,
 Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.
 Undrest at evening, when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past;
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

V.
 That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any Muse's tongue could speak;
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trinckling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.
 Dissembling, what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour: pry'thee tell:
 That falling tear——What does it mean?

VII.

VII.

She sigh'd; she smil'd: And to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
See! friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her throwd.

X.

Such as she is, who dy'd to day;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

The L A D Y who offers her LOOKING-GLASS
to V E N U S.

V E N U S, take thy votive glass:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

C L O E JEALOUS.

F O R B E A R to ask me, why I weep;
Vext Cloe to her shepherd said:
'Tis for my two poor strggling sheep
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ;
 Your subtle questions and replies;
 Emblems, to teach a female wit
 The ways, where changing Cupid flies.

III.

Your riddle, purpos'd to rehearse
 The gen'ral pow'r that beauty has:
 But why did no peculiar verse
 Describe one charm of Cloe's face?

IV.

The glass, which was at Venus' shrine,
 With such mysterious sorrow laid:
 The garland (and you call it mine)
 Which shou'd how youth and beauty fade.

V.

Ten thousand trifles light as these
 Nor can my rage, nor anger move:
 She shou'd be humble, who wou'd please:
 And she must suffer, who can love.

VI.

When in my glass I chanc'd to look;
 Of Venus what did I implore?
 That ev'ry grace which thence I took,
 Shou'd know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verse; who heeds, said I,
 If here or there his glances flew?
 O free for ever be his eye,
 Whose heart to me is always true.

VIII.

My bloom indeed, my little flow'r
 Of beauty quickly lost its pride:
 For sever'd from its native bower,
 It on thy glowing bosom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not, what might preface
 Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth:
 Love I esteem'd more strong than age,
 And time less permanent than truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know;
Fall uncontroll'd my tears, and free :
O Damon, 'tis the only woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The secret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my herse :
But on my tomb-stone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.

ANSWER to CLOE JEALOUS, in the same
STILE.

The AUTHOR sick.

YES, fairest proof of beauty's pow'r,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour :
And I have liv'd ; and we must part.

II.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear ;
Left yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth it's care.

III.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom free'd ;
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

IV.

Yet when some better-fated youth
Shall with his am'rous parly move thee ;
Reflect one moment on his truth,
Who dying thus, persists to love thee.

A better ANSWER.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face?
 Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
 Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
 Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

II.

How can'st thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
 The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
 Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
 More ord'nary eyes may serve people for weeping.

III.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
 Your judgment at once, and my passion you wrong:
 You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
 Ad's life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

IV.

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write shews
 The diff'rence there is betwixt nature and art:
 I court others in verse, but I love thee in prose:
 And they have my whimsies; but thou hast my heart.

V.

The god of us verse-men (you know child) the Sun,
 How after his journies he sets up his rest:
 If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
 At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all day;
 To thee my delight in the evening I come:
 No matter what beauties I saw in my way:
 They are but my visits; but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war;
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
 For thou art a girl as much brighter than her, *She*
 As he was a poet sublimer than me. 9

Writ-

Written at PARIS, 1700. In the
Beginning of ROBE's GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that WILLIAM rules, or Robe
Describes, great Rhea, of thy globe ;

When or on post-horse, or in chaise,
With much expence, and little ease,
My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own ;

Great Mother, let me once be able,
To have a garden, house, and stable ;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire, or want ;

And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die in peace.

Oblige thy fav'rite undertakers

To throw me in but twenty acres ;

This number sure, they may allow ;

For pasture ten, and ten for plow :

'Tis all that I would wish, or hope,

For Me, and John, and Nell, and Crop.

Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest

(And let not fortune spoil the jest)

To those, who at the market-rate

Can barter honour for estate.

Now if thou grant'st me my request,

To make thy vot'ry truly blest,

Let curst revenge, and saucy pride

To some bleak rock far off be ty'd ;

Nor e'er approach my rural seat,

To tempt me to be base, and great.

And, Goddess, this kind office done,

Charge Venus to command her son,

(Where-

(Where-ever else she lets him rove)
 To shun my house, and field, and grove:
 Peace cannot dwell with hate or love.

Hear, gracious Rhea, what I say:
 And thy petitioner shall pray.

A PASSAGE in the MORIÆ ENCOMIUM
 of ERASMUS, Imitated.

IN awful pomp, and melancholy state,
 See settl'd Reason on the judgment seat:
 Around her crowd Distrust, and Doubt, and Fear,
 And thoughtful Foresight, and tormenting Care:
 Far from the throne, the trembling pleasures stand,
 Chain'd up, or exil'd by her stern command.
 Wretched her subjects, gloomy sits the Queen;
 Till happy chance reverts the cruel scene:
 And apish folly, with her wild resort
 Of wit and jest disturbs the solemn court.

See the fantastick minstrelsy advance,
 To breathe the song, and animate the dance.
 Blest the usurper! happy the surprize!
 Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes:
 Her jingling bells affect our captive ear:
 And in the sights we see, and sounds we hear,
 Against our judgment she our sense employs:
 The laws of troubl'd reason she destroys:
 And in their place rejoices to indite
 Wild schemes of mirth, and plans of loose delight.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry-Andrew, the last Southwark fair
 (At Barthol'mew he did not much appear;
 So peevish was the edict of the may'r.)

At

At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
To please our masters, and his friends, the croud ;
A huge neats-tongue he in his right hand held :
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage :
Why how now, Andrew ! cries his brother droll,
To day's conceit, methinks, is something dull :
Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worship mean ?
Quoth Andrew ; honest english let us speak :
Your emble——(what d'ye call't ?) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding, thou hast no pretence,
Learning thy talent is ; but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was, which thou art now ;
Desirous to correct, not knowing how ;
With very good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deserv'd ;
And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat ;
Since I have found the secret to be great.
O dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou controll ;
Provided thou impart thy useful skill.
Bow then, says Andrew, and, for once, I will,
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says ;
Sleep very much ; think little ; and talk less :
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong ;
But eat your pudding, slave ; and hold your tongue.

A rev'rend prelate stopt his coach and six,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But when he heard him give this golden rule ;
Drive on ; (he cyr'd,) this fellow is no fool.

The F L I E S.

SA Y, fire of insects, mighty Sol,
 (A fly upon the chariot-pole
 Cries out :) what blew-bottle alive
 Did ever with such fury drive ?
 Tell, Belzebub, great father, tell,
 (Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel :)
 Did ever any mortal fly
 Raise such a cloud of dust, as I ?
 My judgment turn'd the whole debate :
 My valour sav'd the sinking state.
 So talk two idle buzzing things ;
 Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.
 But let the truth to light be brought :
 This neither spoke, nor t'other fought :
 No merit in their own behav'or :
 Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

From the G R E E K.

GR E A T Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
 By native heat asserts his dreadful fire.
 Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
 He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames.
 To all the breth'ren at the bell and vine,
 The moral says : mix water with your wine.

E P I G R A M.

FRANK carves very ill, and will palm all the meats:
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he
eats.

Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes;
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break;
And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak;
For of late I invite him—but four times a week. }

A N O T H E R.

TO John, I ow'd great obligation;
But John, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

A N O T H E R.

YES, every poet is a fool:
By demonstration Ned can shew it:
Happy, cou'd Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

A N O T H E R.

THY naggs (the leanest things alive)
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coach-man say,
It cost thee more in whips, than hay.

To

To a PERSON who wrote ill, and spoke worse,
againſt me.

LY E, Philo, untouch'd on my peaceable ſelf,
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed thee;
I've no envy to thee, and ſome love to myſelf:
Then why ſhou'd I answer; ſince firſt I muſt read
thee?
Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd Bub,
Be a linguist, a poet, a critick, a wag;
To the ſolid delight of thy well-judging Club,
To the damage alone of thy bookſeller Brag.
Pursue me with ſatyr: what harm is there in't?
But from all vivâ voce reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou ſhalt print:
There may be a little from what thou may'ſt ſwear.

On the ſame PERSON.

WHILE faſter than his coſtive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
His caſe appears to me like honeſt Teague's,
When he was run away with, by his legs,
Phœbus, gave Philo o'er himſelf command;
Quicken his ſenſes, or refrain his hand.
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So he may ceaſe to write, and learn to think.

Quid ſit futurum Cras fuge quærere.

FOR what to-morrow ſhall diſcloſe,
May ſpoil what you to-night propoſe:
England may change; or Clot ſtray:
Love and life are for to-day.

C A N.

CANTATA. Set by Monsieur
GALLIARD.

R E C I T.

BENEATH a verdant lawrel's ample shade,
His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid;
To Venus thus address'd the song:
Ten thousand little Loves around
List'ning, dwelt on ev'ry sound.

A R I E T.

Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms.
Youth on silent wings is flown:
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age, unfit for arms:
Safe and humble let me rest,
From all am'rous, care releas'd.
Potent Venus bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms.

R E C I T.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why, why do I all day lament, and sigh,
Unless the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
Thro' flow'ry meads, and chrystal streams?

R E C I T.

Thus sung the bard; and thus the goddess spake:
Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke.
Ev'ry state, and ev'ry age
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me thy muse shall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

A R I E T.

A R I E T.

Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
 Soft desire, and gentle pain;
 Often praise, and always love her:
 Thro' her ear her heart obtain.
 Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her:
 Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

Her right N A M E.

AS Nancy at her toilet sat,
 Admiring this, and blaming that;
 Tell me, she said; but tell me true;
 The nymph who cou'd your heart subdue,
 What sort of charms does she possess?
 Absolve me fair one: I'll confess;
 With pleasure I reply'd. Her hair,
 In ringlets rather dark than fair,
 Does down her iv'ry bosom roll,
 And hiding half, adorn the whole.
 In her high fore-head's fair half-round
 Love sits in open triumph crown'd:
 He in the dimple of her chin,
 In private state by friends is seen.
 Her eyes are neither black, nor grey;
 Nor fierce, nor feeble is their ray:
 Their dubious lustre seems to show
 Something that speaks nor yes, nor no.
 Her lips no living bard, I weet,
 May say, how red, how round, how sweet:
 Old Homer only cou'd indite
 Their vagrant grace, and soft delight:
 They stand recorded in his book,
 When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke——

The

The Gipsy turning to her glass,
Too plainly shew'd she knew the face:
And which am I most like, she said,
Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown-maid?

Written in an OVID.

OVID is the surest guide,
You can name, to show the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that, says Rose, I'll die:
Behind the elms, last night, cry'd Dick;
Rose, were you not extremely sick?

ANOTHER.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudible manner to bed;
She warbl'd her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise.
But when Florimel deign'd to lye privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin;
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once
squeal.
Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

A Rea-

A Reasonable AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies :
His spouse is in despair :

With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A diff'rent cause says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give :

Poor Lubin fears, that he shall die ;
His wife, that he may live.

Another Reasonable AFFLICTION.

FROM her own native France as old Alifon past ;
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with
Malice,

That the flattern had left, in the hurry and hast,
Her lady's complexion, and eye-brows at Calais.

A N O T H E R.

HER eye-brow box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oft'nest cross)

Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,
Her careless but afflicted maid ;

Put me to bed then, wretched Jane ;
Alas ! when shall I rise again ?

I can behold no mortal now :

For what's an eye without a brow ?

On the same SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the house,
Poor Helen sits, and sobs and cries :
She will not see her loving spouse,
Nor her more dear Picquet-allies :
Unless she finds her eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

On the SAME.

HELEN was just slipt into bed :
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay :
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.
For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated :
And madam getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.
On little things, as sages write,
Depends our human joy, or sorrow :
If we dont catch a mouse to-night,
Alas ! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS's Age.

HOW old may Phyllis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages ?
To answer is no easy task ;
For she really has two ages,
Stiff in brocaid, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on ;
All day let envy view her face ;
And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
 At night astronomers agree,
 The evening has the day bely'd ;
 And Phyllis is some forty-three.

Forma Bonum Fragile.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty, says Baron Le Cras,
 Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass :
 And scarcely had he spoke it ;
 When she more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
 By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true :
 She dropt the eye, and broke it.

A Critical M O M E N T.

HOW capricious were nature and art to poor Nell ?
 She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose
 fell.

A N

E P I G R A M.

Written to the DUKE de NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
 That uncall'd Allard will possess
 Your house and coach, both day and night ;
 And that Macbeth was haunted less
 By Banquo's restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pound a year,
 Do you complain, you cannot bear

An

An ill, you may so soon retrieve?
Good Allard, faith, is modefter
By much, than you believe.

Lend him but fifty Louis d'or;
And you shall never see him more:
Take the advice; Probatum est.
Why to the gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest?

E P I L O G U E

T O L U C I U S .

Spoken by Mrs. H O R T O N .

THE female author who recites to-day,
Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
Like father Bayes securely she sits down:
Pitt, box and gallery, gad! all's our own.
In antient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
By their applause the critics shew'd their wit.
They tun'd their voices to her lyric string;
Tho' they cou'd all do something more, than sing.
But one exception to this fact we find;
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho down thor' all succeeding ages,
And now on French, or on Italian stages,
Rough satyrs, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
Are always aim'd at poets, that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a sharp pen upon a naked woman.
The blust'ring bully in our neighb'ring streets,
Scorns to attack the female that he meets:

Fearless the petticoat contemns his frowns :
 'The hoop secures, whatever it surrounds.
 'The many-colour'd gentry there above,
 By turns are rul'd by tumult, and by love :
 And while their sweet-hearts their attention fix,
 Suspend the din of their damn'd clatt'ring sticks.
 Now sirs — — —

To you our author makes her soft request,
 Who speak the kindest, and who write the best.
 Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,
 From tender friendship, and endearing love.
 If Petrarch's muse did Laura's wit rehearse,
 And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse ;
 She hopes from you — — — pox take her hopes and fears ;
 I plead her sexes claim : what matters hers ?
 By our full pow'r of beauty we think fit,
 To damn this salique law impos'd on wit :
 We'll try the empire you so long have boasted ;
 And if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted.
 Approve what one of us presents to-night ;
 Or ev'ry mortal woman here shall write :
 Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
 We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme :
 Female remarks shall take up all your time.
 Your time, poor souls ! we'll take your very money ;
 Female third days shall come so thick upon ye.
 As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
 We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
 Unless ye yield for better and for worse :
 Then the She-Pegasus shall gain the course,
 And the grey mare shall prove the better horse.

THE THIEF
And the CORDELIER.
A BALADD;

To the Tune of King JOHN, and the Abbot of
CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, must needs know
the Greve,
The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute,
To ease hero's pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles, which force had put
on;
And the hangman completes, what the judge but be
begun:
There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no
more crost.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are
known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own:
But my hearers cry out; what a duce dost thou say?
Cut off thy reflections; and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whose good grace was to open the
 scene,
 Seem'd not in great haste, that the shew shou'd begin:
 Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
 And often took leave; but was loth to depart.
 Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? say the
 priest:
 You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess.
 O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon:
 For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
 Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such
 fancies:
 Rely on the aid you shall have from saint Francis:
 If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest;
 You have only to dye: let the church do the rest.
 Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
 It reflects upon me; as I knew not my trade:
 Courage, friend; to-day is your period of sorrow;
 And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
 Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our hero reply'd in a fright:
 He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night.
 Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd up:
 For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.
 Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
 Parblew, I shall have little stomach to eat:

I should

I should therefore esteem it great favour, and grace;
Wou'd you be so kind, as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the father, and thank you to
boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
The feast, I propos'd to you, I cannot taste:
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said;
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold, for which other men die.

AN EPI T A P H.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Seneca.

INTERR'd beneath this marble stone,
Lies saunt'ring Jack, and idle Joan.
While rolling three score years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires rose or fell;
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd and eat, good folks: What then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They soundly slept the night away:
'They did just nothing all the day:
And having bury'd children four,
Wou'd not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had, nor brother;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

Their

Their moral and œconomy
 Most perfectly they made agree :
 Each virtue kept its proper bound ;
 Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
 Nor fame, nor censure they regarded :
 They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
 He car'd not what the footmen did :
 Her maids she neither prais'd, nor chid :
 So ev'ry servant took his course ;
 And bad at first, they all grew worse.
 Slothful disorder fill'd his stable ;
 And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
 Their beer was strong ; their wine was Port ;
 Their meal was large ; their grace was short.
 They gave the poor the remnant meat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They pay'd the church and parish-rate ;
 And took, but read not the receipt :
 For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
 Of slumb'ring in an upper pew.

No man's defect's sought they to know ;
 So never made themselves a foe.
 No man's good deeds did they commend ;
 So never rais'd themselves a friend.
 Nor cherish'd they relations poor :
 That might decrease their present store.
 Nor barn nor house did they repair :
 That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added, nor confounded :
 They neither wanted, nor abounded.
 Each Christmas they accompts did clear ;
 And wound their bottom round the year.
 Nor tear, nor smile did they employ
 At news of public grief or joy.
 When bells were rung, and bonfires made ;
 If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid ;
 Their jugg was to the ringers carry'd ;
 Who ever either dy'd or marry'd.

Their

Their billet at the fire was found ;
Who ever was depos'd, or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;
'They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise :
Without love, hatred, joy or fear,
'They led——— a kind of——— as it were :
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd :
And so they liv'd ; and so they dy'd.

H O R A C E Lib. I. Epist. IX.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intellegit unus,
Quanti me facias : &c.

I M I T A T E D.

To the Right Honourable Mr. H A R L E Y.

DE A R Dick, howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes, as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, Sir, are extremely great ;
Tho' I plain Mat, you Minister of State.
One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Wou'd fix his fortune in some little place.
Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows,
How far my interest with my patron goes ;
And answering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

From this wild fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee, and dread ;
That I, in fact, a real interest have,
Which to my own advantage I wou'd save,
And, with the usual courtier's trick intend,
To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun this censure, I all shame lay by ;
And make my reason with his will comply ;

Hoping

Hoping, for my excuse, 'twill be confess,
 That of two evils I have chose the least.
 So, Sir, with this epistolary scroll,
 Receive the partner of my inmost soul:
 Him you will find in letters, and in laws
 Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause,
 Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
 And, in one word, a good man and a true.

To Mr. HARLEY.

Wounded by

G U I S C A R D, 1711.

————— ab ipso
 Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Hor.

I.

IN one great Now; superior to an age,
 The full extremes of nature's force we find:
 How heav'nly virtue can exalt; or rage
 Infernal, how degrade the human mind.

II.

While the fierce monk does at his tryal stand;
 He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
 Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
 He stabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

III.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
 Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives:
 The wounds his country from his death must feel,
 The Patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

IV.

IV.

The barb'rous rage that durst attempt thy life;
Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame:
And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

V.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws;
And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

VI.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A stranger to her altars, and her land:
No son of her's could meditate this blow.

VII.

Mean time thy pain is gracious Anna's care;
Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath
Softens thy anguish: In her pow'ful pray'r
She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

VIII.

Great as thou art, thou can'st demand no more,
O breast bewail'd by earth, preserv'd by heav'n:
No higher can aspiring virtue soar:
Enough to thee of grief, and fame is giv'n.

An Extempore INVITATION to the
Earl of OXFORD, Lord High
Treasurer, 1712.

My LORD,

OUR weekly friends to-morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street;
To try for once, if they can dine
On bacon-ham, and mutton-chine;

If

If weary'd with the great affairs,
 Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
 Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend,
 Thy mind one moment to unbend;
 To see thy servant from his soul
 Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl:
 Among the guests, which e'er my house
 Receiv'd, it never can produce
 Of honour a more glorious proof——
 Tho' Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

In CHAUCER'S Stile.

TWAY mice, full blythe and amicable;
 Batten beside erle Robert's table.
 Lies there ne trap their necks to catch;
 Ne old black cat their steps to watch.
 Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
 Feast-lyche as heart of mouse mote wish.
 As guests sat jovial at the board,
 Forth leap'd our mice: eftsoons the lord
 Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
 Who maketh oft propos full queint,
 Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd,
 To Matthew seated on t'oth' side;
 To thee, lean bard, it doth pertain
 To understand these creatures tweine.
 Come frame us now some clean device,
 Or playfant rhyme on yonder mice:
 They seem, God shield me, Mat. and Charles.
 Bad as Sir Topaz, 'Squire Quarles
 (Matthew did for the nonce reply)
 At emblem, or device am I:

But

But could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee;
Ne verse from me (so God me thrive)
On mouse, or other beast alive,
Certes, I have these many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lyon fierce will I compare:
Ne judge unjust with furred fox,
Harming in secret guise the flocks,
Ne priest unworth of Goddes coat,
To swine ydrunk, or filthy float.
Elk simile farwell for aye,
From elephant, I trow, to flea.

Reply'd the friend-like peer, I weene,
Matthew is angred on the spleen.
Ne so, quoth Mat. ne shall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all so fair:
Eftsoons well weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commaundement.
If by these creatures ye have seen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
Behoveth neet to wreck by brain,
The rest in order to explain.

That cup-board, where the mice disport,
I liken to * St. Stephen's court:
Therein is space enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and goe:
And therein eke may both be fed
With shiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as these mine eney survey,
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;
Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other tells.

* Exchequer.

Dear Robert, quoth the Saint, whose mind
 In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
 Now as I hope to grow devout,
 I deem this matter well made out.
 Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?
 Let that be brought which Mat. doth say:
 Yea, quoth the Erle; but not to-day.

In the same S T I L E.

FULL oft doth Mat. with Topaz dine,
 Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine:
 But Topaz his own werke rehearseth;
 And Mat. mote praise what Topaz verseth.
 Now sure as priest did e'er thrive sinner;
 Full hardly earneth Mat. his dinner.

In the same S T I L E.

FAIR Susan did her wife-hede well mainteine,
 Algates assaulted fore by letchours twaine:
 Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
 Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.
 Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde;
 Had they been yong (pardie) and she been olde;
 That, by St. Kit, had rought much forer tryal;
 Full marveillous, I wrote, were swilk denyal.

A F L O W E R.

Painted by

SIMON VARELST.

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew;
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view;
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she smiling said;
Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade.

To the LADY

ELIZABETH HARLEY,

Since Marchioness of CARMARTHEN,

On a Column of her DRAWING.

WHEN future ages shall with wonder view,
These glorious lines which Harley's daughter
drew;
They shall confess, that Britain could not raise
A fairer column to the father's praise.

PROTOGENES and APPELLES.

WHEN poets wrote, and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view:
E're Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To spoil the well proportion'd piece;

And

And in our verse e're monkish rhimes
 Had jangl'd their fantastick chimes :
 E're on the flow'ry lands of Rhodes
 Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
 Who knew not much to paint or write,
 Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight :
 Protogenes, historians note,
 Liv'd there, a burges's scot and lot ;
 And, as old Pliny's writing shew,
 Appelles did the same at Co.
 Agreed these points of time, and place,
 Proceed we in the present case.

Picqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
 From Co to Rhodes, Appelles came ;
 To see a rival and a friend,
 Prepar'd to censure, or commend,
 Here to absolve, and there object,
 As art with condor might direct.
 He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings :
 His servants follow with the things ;
 Appears the Governante of th' house :
 (For such in Greece were much in use,)
 If young or handsome, yea or no,
 Concerns not me, or thee to know.
 Does 'Squire Protogenes live here ?
 Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
 And court'sy low ; but just call'd out
 By lord's peculiarly devout ;
 Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
 Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow,
 To grace the church : 'Tis Venus' day :
 I hope, Sir, you intend to stay
 To see our Venus : 'Tis the piece
 The most renown'd throughout all Greece,
 So like th' original, they say :
 But I have no great skill that way :
 But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
 Dromo must make my master's tea :

At

At fix, Sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, Sir, at home.

Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after:
Authors, before they write, shou'd read:
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.

And, Sir, at present wou'd you please
To leave your name——Fair maiden, yes!
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done, with one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true:
And will you please, sweet-heart, said he,
To shew your master this from me?
By it he presently will know,
How Painters write their names at Co.

He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'ing, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, Sir, for fear of all disafter,
I'll keep it my ownself: safe bind;
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, Sir, as sure as key or lock——
Your servant Sir——at fix o'clock.

Again at fix Appelles came;
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line he found,
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay;
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say)
Thus write the Painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.

She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade;

That Paris' apple stood confest,
 Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.
 Apelles view'd the finish'd piece;
 And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
 Howe'er Protogenes and I
 May in our rival talents vie;
 Howe'er our works may have express'd,
 Who truest drew, or colour'd best;
 When he beheld my flowing line;
 He found at least I con'd design:
 And from his artful round, I grant,
 That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
 To find the moral of my tale:
 That the distinguish'd part of men,
 With compass, pencil, sword, or pen;
 Shou'd in life's visit leave their name,
 In characters, which may proclaim
 That they with ardour strove to raise
 At once their arts, and country's praise:
 And in their working took great care,
 That all was full, and round, and fair.

D E M O C R I T U S

AND

H E R A C L I T U S.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth;
 And with our follies glut thy hieghten'd mirth:
 Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
 In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
 Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:
 Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

For

For my own TOMB-STONE.

TO me 'twas giv'n to die: to thee 'tis giv'n
To live: alas! one moment sets us ev'n.
Mark! how impartial is the will of heav'n?

Gualterus Danistonus ad Amicos.

DUM studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
Arctoa florens Sophia, Samiisque superbus
Discipulis, animas morte carere cauo.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt divis, queis fata volebant
Vitæ faciles mollitè ire vias:
Vinaque cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo:
Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;
Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:
Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique superstes, homo; qui nihil, esto deus..
Attamen esse hilares, et inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et festos agitasse dies, ævique fugacis,
Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
His me parentem præceptis occupit orcus,
Et mors; seu divum, seu nihil esse velit:
Nam Sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suavitè horas
Admonet, atque orci non timuisse minas.

I M I T A T E D.

STUDIOUS the busy moments to deceive,
 That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
 I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
 And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
 When mortal man resigns his transient breath;
 The body only I give o'er to death.
 The parts dissolv'd, - and broken frame I mourn:
 What came from earth, I see to earth return.
 The immaterial part, th' ætherial soul,
 Nor can change vanquish, nor can death controul.
 Glad I release it from it's partner's cares;
 And bid good angels waft it to the stars.
 Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
 Which, spight of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
 The draught to the dead's mem'ry I commend,
 And offer to the now immortal friend.
 But if oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
 Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor pow'r of Jove;
 On it's dark side if thou the prospect take;
 Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake:
 In total death suppose the mortal lie,
 No new hereafter, nor a future sky:
 Yet bear thy lot content; yet cease to grieve:
 Why, e'er death comes, dost thou forbear to live?
 The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant Now
 And fate's approach, is all the gods allow:
 And of this little hast thou ought to spare
 To sad reflection, and corroding care?
 The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
 With pleasant mem'ry of the bliss they gave.
 The present hours in present mirth employ;
 And bribe the future with the hopes of joy.
 The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
 Were destin'd e'rst; nor can by fate's decree
 Be now cut off, betwixt the grave and thee.

 }
 THE

THE SECOND HYMN
OF
CALLIMACHUS. TO APOLLO.

HA H! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern shakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the god,
The god approaches. Hark! he knocks: the gates
Feel the glad impulse: And the sever'd bars
Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd: and hov'ring swans, their throats releas'd
From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?

Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence; and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first by ardent pray'r, and clear lustration
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flourish, favour'd by the god,
In youth with happy nuptials, and in age
With silver hairs, and fair descent of children;
So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
And bless your spreading colonies increase.

Pay sacred rev'rence to Apollo's song;
Lest wrathful the far-shooting god emit
His fatal arrows. Silent nature stands;
And seas subside, obedient to the sound
Of Io, Io Pean! nor dares Thetis
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death:
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
Ev'n thro' the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother!
Whose fondness cou'd compare her mortal off-spring

To those which fair Latona bore to Jove.

Io ! again repeat ye, Io Pean !

Against the deity 'tis hard to strive.

He that resists the power of Ptolemy,
Resists the pow'r of heav'n : for pow'r from heav'n
Derives ; and monarchs rule by God's appointed.

Recite Apollo's praise, 'till night draws on,
The ditty still unfinish'd ; and the day
Unequal to the Godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your songs.

Sublime at Jove's right hand Apollo sits,
And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
And theme of verse perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable : his harp, his quiver,
And Lictian bow are gold : with golden sandals
His feet are shod ; how rich ! how beautiful !
Beneath his steps the yellow min'ral rises ;
And earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheek : from his fair head
Perfumes distill their sweets ; and chearful health,
His dutious handmaid, thro' the air improv'd,
With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.

The Spear-man's arm by thee, great God, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn ; and chains, or exiles death.

Thee Nomian we adore ; for that from heav'n
Descending, thou on fair Amphryfus' banks
Did'st guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler store of milk ; the she-goat
Not without pain dragg'd her distended udder ;
And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
Now drop'd their two-fold burdens. Bless the cattle,
On which Apollo cast his fav'ring eye !

But, Phoebus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind sister to thy infant-deity

New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild-goats heads, and branching antlers
Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil.
These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range,
(Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd models,
With emblematic skill, and mystic order,
Thou shew'd'st, where towers, or battlements should rise ;
Where gates should open ; or where walls should compass :
While from thy childish pastime man receiv'd
The future strength, and ornament of nations.

Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Lybian strand ; when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country destin'd the auspicious seat
Of future kings, and favour of the God,
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.

Or Bœdromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian,
Phœbus, great king ! for diff'rent are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man,
Carnean let me call thee ; for my country
Calls thee Carnean : The fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
E're settl'd in Cyrene ; there w' appointed
Thy annual feasts, kind God, and blest thy altars
Smoaking with Hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls :
As Carnus, thy high-priest, and favour'd friend,
Had er'st ordain'd ; and with mysterious rites,
Our great Forefathers taught their sons to worship.
Io Carnean Phœbus ! Io Pean !

The yellow Crocus there, and fair Narcissus
Reserve the honours of their winter-store,
To deck thy temple ; 'till returning spring
Diffuses nature's various pride ; and flow'rs
Innumerable, by the soft south-west
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their sweets from th'odorif'rous pavement.
Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars.

When



Poems on several Occasions.

When annual the Carnean feast is held,
The warlike Lybians clad in armour, lead
The dance, with clanging swords and shields they beat
The dreadful measure: in the chorus join
Their women brown, but beautiful: such rites
To thee well pleasing. Nor had yet they votaries,
From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
And lands determin'd for their last abodes:
But wander'd thro' Azilis' horrid forest
Dispers'd: when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'dst to let the fair one view
Her Typic people; thou with pleasure taught'st her
To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who honour'd by thy passion,
Was aided by thy pow'r! the monst'rous Python
Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great strength, and golden arms unequal.

Io! while thy unerring hand elanc'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyful repeated, Io! Io Pean;
E lance the dart, Apollo; for the safety,
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.

Envy thy latest foe suggested thus:
Like thee I am a power immortal; therefore
To thee dare speak. How can'st thou favour partial
Those poets who write little? vast and great
Is what I love: the far extended ocean
To a small riv'let I prefer. Apollo
Spurn'd envy with his foot; and thus the God:
Dæmon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy;
And carries forward with his stupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent still augmenting,
His wave still more defil'd: mean while the nymphs

Meliffan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
Studious to have their off'rings well receiv'd,
And fit for heav'nly use, from little urns
Pour streams select, and purity of waters.

Io! Apollo, mighty king, let envy
Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake
Draw tons unmeasurable; while thy favour
Administers to my ambitious thirst
The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains, where thy daughters haunt.

C H A R I T Y.

A PARAPHRASE on the Thirteenth CHAPTER of the First EPISTLE to the CORINTHIANS.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung:
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define,
And had I power to give that knowledge brith,
In all the speeches of the babbling earth:
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire:
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them miracles, and law:
Yet, gracious charity, indulgent guest,
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast:
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r:
That scorn of life would be but wild despair:
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice:
My faith were form: my eloquence were noise.

Cha-

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind :
 Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide,
 Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride.
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives :
 And much she suffers, as she much believes.
 Soft peace she brings where-ever she arrives :
 She builds our quit, as she forms our lives :
 Lay the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n ;
 And opens in each heart a little Heav'n.

Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
 It's proper bounds, and due restriction knows ;
 To one fix't purpose dedicates it's pow'r ;
 And finishing it's act, exists no more.
 Thus, in obedience to what Heav'n decrees,
 Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease :
 But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
 Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
 In happy triumph shall for ever live,
 And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As thro' the artist's entervening glass,
 Our eye observes the distant planets pass ;
 A little we discover ; but allow,
 That more remains unseen, than art can show :
 So whilst our mind it's knowledge would improve ;
 (It's feeble eye intent on things above)
 High as we may, we lift our reason up,
 By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope ;
 Yet are we able only to survey
 Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
 Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazl'd sight ;
 Too great it's swiftness, and too strong it's light.

But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd :
 The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
 In all his robes, with all his glory on,
 Seated sublime on his meridian throne.

Then constant Faith, and holy Hope shall die,
 One lost in certainty, and one in joy ;

Whilst

Whilst thou, more happy pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office, and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive —————
Shalt stand before the host of Heav'n confess,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

Engraven on a COLUMN

In the CHURCH of

HALSTEAD in ESSEX.

The Spire of which, burnt down by Lightning, was
rebuilt at the Expence of Mr. SAMUEL FISKE,
1717.

VIEW not this spire by measure giv'n
To buildings rais'd by common hands:
That fabrick rises high as heav'n,
Whose basis on devotion stands.

While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our Faith and Hope declare:
But Charity beyond our death,
Will ever in our works appear.

Best be he call'd among young men;
Who to his God this column rais'd:
Tho' light'ning strike the dome again;
The man who built it shall be prais'd.

Yet

Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
 The weak efforts of human pains :
 And Faith, and Hope themselves shall die :
 While deathless Charity remains.

W R I T T E N I n
 M O N T A I G N E ' s E S S A Y S ,

Given to the D U K E of S H R E W S B U R Y
 I n F R A N C E , after the Peace, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen
 Of cities, and of courts, of books and men ;
 And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Thro' ages thus I may presume to live ;
 And from the transcript of thy prose receive ;
 What my own short-liv'd verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain with a gracious smile
 Accept the work ; and the instructed isle,
 For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic stile preferr'd ;
 Wisdom in English Idiom shall be heard ;
 While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

AN EPISTLE.

Desiring the

QUEEN'S PICTURE.

Written at P A R I S, 1714. But left unfinish'd,
by the sudden News of Her M A J E S T Y's
Death.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
The shining side-board, and the burnish'd plate
Let other ministers, great Anne, inquire;
And partial fall thy gift to their desire.
To the fair portrait of my sov'reign dame,
To that alone, eternal be my claim.

My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy sight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's sake
My past has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my Queen; permit my pray'r,
And with this gift reward my total care.

Will thy indulgent hand, fair saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating time, thy picture like thy fame
Entire may last; that as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say;
Thus great, thus gracious look'd Britannia's Queen;
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty empress gave her high command,
'That he to hostile camps, and kings shou'd haste,
To speak her vengeance, as their danger past;

To say, she wills detested wars to cease ;
She checks her conquest, for her subjects ease ;
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
Thee Queen of Peace---If time and fate have pow'r
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign ;
In words sublimer, and a nobler strain ;
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse.
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend * * *

A L M A:

OR, THE
PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

In Three CANTO's.

The First CANTO.

MATTHEW met Richard; when or where
From story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they spoke;
And Pro and Con by turns they took.
Rats half the manuscript have eat:
Dire hunger! which we still regret:
O! may they ne'er again digest
The horrors of so sad a feast.
Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob, by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins:

* * * * Here Matthew said:
Alma in verse; in prose, the Mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,

Through-

Throughout the body squat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.
And yet, flap dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein.
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost;
While every where she rules the roast.

This System, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *Ipse dixit* to comply.
They say (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek)
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blew beans in one blew bladder.

Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain;
And from her seat of thought dispenses
Her sov'reign pleasure to the senses.
Two optic nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles a-cross the eyes;
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd, or stirr'd;
How quick at park and play they strike;
The duke they court; the toast they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends, now out of place.

Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her pow'r, they hold, had been precarious:
The eyes might have conspir'd her ruin;
And she not known, what they were doing.
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they shou'd see, and she be blind.

Wise nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose:
Cou'd Alma else with judgment tell,
When Cabbage stinks, or Roses smell?
Or who wou'd ask for her opinion
Between an Oyfter and an Onion?

For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bitts ask leave to flow;
And, as thro' these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole.
Like footmen running before coaches;
To tell the inn, what lord approaches.

By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the taste.
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick Port for fine Champagne,
And our ill-judging wives and daughters
Mistake small-beer for Citron-waters.

Hence too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear;
And loud, or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' alarums which they beat.

Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling
(A thing she much delights to deal in)
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to her toes, and fingers ends;
And these in gratitude again
Returns their spirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
Alma inform'd can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.

Thus, while the judge gives diff'rent journies
To country counsel, and attornies;
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The Pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home:
Yet sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions;
And sets men's faith by his opinions.

The scholars of the Stagyrice,
Who for the old opinion fight,

Would make their modern friends confess,
The diff'rence but from more to less.
The mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain;
You grant, at least, she is extended:
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
For, 'till to-morrow shou'd you plead
From form and structure of the head;
The Mind as visibly is seen
Extended thro' the whole Machine.
Why shou'd all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain;
When other limbs we plainly see,
Each in his way, as brisk as he?
For music, grant the head receives it;
It is the artist's hand that gives it.
And tho' the scull may wear the laurel;
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies.
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes ab Origine from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A foolish figure he must make;
Do nothing else but sleep and ake.
Nor matters it, that you can show,
How to the head the spirits go.
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they thro' the veins cou'd roll.
Now we should hold them much to blame;
If they went back, before they came.
If therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes;
Or toes, or fingers, in this case,
Of Num-scul's self shou'd take the place.
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.

Dip but your toes into cold water ;
Their correspondent teeth will chatter :
And strike the bottom of your feet ;
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover
Confess, that feeling lies all over.

Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view ;
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue,
But heedless nature did produce
The members first, and then the use.
What each must act, was yet unknown,
'Till all is mov'd by chance alone .

A man first builds a country seat ;
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wond'ring sees
Nor books, nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philosopher
Was he, who durst such whims aver.
Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, tho' late, in season.

But no man sure e'er left his house
And saddl'd Ball, with thoughts so wild,
To bring a midwife to his spouse,
Before he knew she was with child.

And no man ever reapt his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
E'er hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught him both to sow, and knead.
Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse ?
Can——Pray, says Dick, hold in your muse.
While you Pindaric truths rehearse ;
She hobbles in alternate verse.

Verse ! Mat. reply'd : is that my care ?
Go on, quoth Richard, soft and fair.

This looks, friend Dick, as nature had,
But exercis'd the Salesman's trade :

As if she hap'ly had sat down,
 And cut out cloths for all the town ;
 Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,
 To try what persons they wou'd fit.
 But ev'ry free and licens'd taylor
 Would in this Thesis find a failure.
 Should whims like these his head perplex,
 How could he work for either sex ?
 His cloaths, as atoms might prevail,
 Might fit a pismire, or a whale.
 No, no : he views with studious pleasure
 Your shape, before he takes your measure.
 For real Kate he made the boddice,
 And not for an Ideal goddess.
 No error near his shop-board lurk'd :
 He knew the folks for whom he work'd.
 Still to their size he aim'd his skill :
 Else, pr'ythee, who wou'd pay his bill ?
 Next, Dick, if chance herself shou'd vary ;
 Observe, how matters would miscarry :
 Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes ;
 Your spectacles upon your toes :
 Then you and Memmius shall agree,
 How nicely men would walk, or see.
 But wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
 Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd.
 And still your knowledge will increase,
 As you make other people's less.
 In arms and science 'tis the same :
 Our rival's hurts create our fame.
 At Faubert's if disputes arise
 Among the champions for the prize ;
 To prove who gave the fairer butt,
 John shews the chalk on Robert's coat.
 So, for the honour of your book,
 It tells, where other folks mistook :
 And, as their notions you confound,
 Those you invent get farther ground.

The commentators on old Ari-
Stotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary :
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought.
Just as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the sky ;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells sound Whittington lord may'r.
The conj'rer thus explains his scheme,
Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream :
North-britons thus have second sight ;
And Germans free from gun-shot fight.

Theoderet, and Origen,
And fifty other learned men
Attest, that if their comments find
The traces of their master's mind ;
Alma can ne'er decay nor die :
This flatly t'other sect deny,
Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand ;
Great names, but hard in verse to stand.
They wonder men should have mistook
The tenets of their master's book ;
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.
Now which were wise ? and which were fools ?
Poor Alma sits between two stools :
The more she reads, the more perplext ;
The comment ruining the text :
Now fears, now hopes her doubtful fate :
But, Richard, let her look to that——
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.

These diff'rent systems, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now to bring things to fair conclusion ;
And save much christian ink's effusion,
Let me propose an healing scheme,
And sail along the middle stream :

For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus;
How many would admire our toil;
And yet how few would comprehend us;

Here, Richard, let my scheme commence.
Oh! may my words be lost in sense;
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.

My simple system shall suppose,
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees:
Next as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs:
And, all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist:
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter:
As we shall shew at large hereafter.
Mature if not improv'd, by time
Up to the heart she loves to climb:
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes her head her latest stage.

From the feet upward to the head;
Pithy, and short, says Dick: proceed.

Dick, this is not an idle notion:
Observe the progress of the motion.
First I demonstratively prove,
That feet were only made to move;
And legs desire to come and go:
For they have nothing else to do.

Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close;
Left Alma newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christ'ning's din,

Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young Alma's case :
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.

Again as she grows something stronger,
And master's feet are sweath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shews his loco-motive tricks :
These first assaults fat Kate repays him,
When half asleep she overlays him.

Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride ;
'Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses :
And happy be their infant courses !

Hence for some years they ne'er stand still :
Their legs you see direct their will.
From opening morn 'till setting sun,
Around the fields and woods they run :
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play ;
Nor heed, what friend and Snape can say.

To her next stage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have said, the thighs :
With sympathetic pow'r she warms,
Their good allies and friends, the arms.
While Betty dances on the green ;
And Susan is at stool-ball seen :
While John for nine-pins does declare ;
And Roger loves to pitch the bar ;
Both legs and arms spontaneous move :
Which was the thing I meant to prove.

Another motion now she makes :
O need I name the feat she takes ?

His

His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds :
 The sport and race no more he minds :
 Neglected Tray and Pointer lie ;
 And covies unmolested fly,
 Sudden the jocund plain he leaves ;
 And for the nymph in secret grieves.
 In dying accents he complains
 Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
 The nymph too, longs to be alone ;
 Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.
 The nymph is warm'd with young desire ;
 And feels and dies to quench his fire.
 They meet each evening in the grove :
 Their parley but augments their love,
 So to the priest their case they tell :
 He ties the knot ; and all goes well.

But, O my muse, just distance keep :
 Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
 In nine months time the boddice loose,
 And petticoats too short, disclose,
 That at his age the active mind
 About the waist lies most confin'd ;
 And that young life, and quick'ning sense
 Spring from his influence darted thence.
 So from the middle of the world
 The sun's prolifick rays are hurl'd :
 'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
 Which quicken earth with genial flames.

Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
 Here stroak'd his chin, and cock'd his hat ;
 Then slapp'd his hand upon the board ;
 And thus the youth put in his word.
 Love's advocates, sweet Sir, would find him,
 A higher place, than you assign'd him.
 Love's advocates, Dick, who are those ?
 The poets, you may well suppose.
 I'm sorry, Sir, you have discarded
 The men, with whom 'till now you herded.

Prose-

Prose-men alone, for private ends,
I thought forsook their antient friends.
In cor stillavit, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The self-same thing soft Ovid says
(A proper judge in such a case,)
Horace his phrase in torret Jecur;
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion:
What signifies too long quotation?
In Ode and Epic plain the case is,
That love holds one of these two places.

Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll strait demolish this objection.

First poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please.
Matter and figure they produce;
For garnish this, and that for use;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed, and please their guests:
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord may'r,
Roast-beef, and ven'son is your fare;
Thence you proceed to swan, and bustard,
And persevere in tart, and custard:
But Tulip-leaves, and Lemon-peel
Help only to adorn the meal;
And pointed flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours;
But only smells the peel and flow'rs:
And he must be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.

That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.

Such

Such images have sometimes shown
A Mystic sense, but oft'ner none.
For who conceives, what bards devise,
That heav'n is plac'd in Celia's eyes?
Or where's the sense, direct or moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?

Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild, or sober maggots bit :
And, where too much the poet ranted,
The sage philosopher recanted :
His grave epistles may disprove
The wanton odes he made to love.

Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid, and his fancy'd mother :
Calls her great queen of earth and air ;
Declares, that winds and seas obey her ;
And, while her honour he rehearſes,
Implores her to inspire his verses.

Yet, free from this poetic madness ;
Next page, he says in sober sadness,
That she and all her fellow gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardless of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe ;
Nor once disturb their heav'nly spirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Caesar's merits.

Nor e'er can Latin poet's prove,
Where lies the real seat of love.
Jecur they burn, and Cor they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse :
And, if folks ask the reason for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other short.
Thus, I presume, the British muse,
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater :
Why should it then be less in metre?
If Cupid throws a single dart ;
We make him wound the lover's heart :

But

But if he takes his bow, and quiver ;
'Tis sure, he must transfix the Liver :
For rhyme with reason may dispense ;
And sound has right to govern sense.

But let your friends in verse suppose,
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose :
Anatomists can make it clear,
The Liver minds his own affair :
Kindly supplies our public uses ;
And parts and strains the vital juices :
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide :
Else we should want both gibe and satire ;
And all be burst with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a wiriness ;
And love is all delight and sweetness.
My logic then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same :
And he, methinks, is no great scholar,
Who can mistake desire for choler.

The like may of the Heart be said :
Courage and terror there are bred.
All those, whose hearts are loose and low,
Start, if they hear but the Tattoo :
And mighty physical their fear is :
For, soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches.
But heroes who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high.
The strings of which, in battle's heat,
Against their very Corsets beat :
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure ;
And yield 'em most excessive pleasure.

Now if 'tis chiefly in the heart,
That courage does itself exert ;
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove,
That this is eke the throne of love.

Would

Would nature make one place the seat
 Of fond desire, and fell debate?
 Must people only take delight in
 Those hours, when they are tir'd with fighting?
 And has no man, but who has kill'd
 A father, right to get a child?
 These notions then I think but idle:
 And love shall still possess the middle.

This truth more plainly to discover,
 Suppose your hero were a lover.
 Tho' he before had gall and rage,
 Which death or conquest must assuage;
 He grows dispirited and low:
 He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.

In scornful sloth Achilles slept;
 And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
 Nor would return to war and slaughter;
 Till they brought back the parson's daughter.

Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
 Augustus pressing, Asia lost:
 His sails by Cupid's hand unfurl'd,
 To keep the fair, he gave the world.

Edward our fourth rever'd and crown'd,
 Vig'rous in youth, in arms renown'd;
 While England's voice, and Warwick's care
 Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir;
 Chang'd peace and power for rage and wars,
 Only to dry one widow's tears.

France's fourth Henry we may see,
 A servant to the fair D'Estree;
 When quitting Contras prosp'rous field,
 And fortune taught at length to yield,
 He from his guards and mid-night tent,
 Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
 To wanton with the sprightly dame;
 And in his pleasure lost his fame.

Bold is the critic, who dares prove,
 These heroes were no friends to love;

And

And bolder he, who dares aver,
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their heart, or fir'd their liver;
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
Which love more justly calls his own.

Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four:
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen;
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.
For some in antient books delight:
Others prefer what moderns write:
Now I should be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both.

T H E
S E C O N D C A N T O .

BUT shall we take the muse abroad,
To drop her idly in the road?
And leave our subject in the middle;
As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
Yet he consummate master, knew
When to recede, and where pursue:
His noble negligences trace,
What other toils despair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope:
And balances your fear and hope:
If after some distinguish'd leap,
He drops his pole, and seems to slip;
Straight gath'ring all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his slight:
And owe your pleasure to your fright.

But,

But, like poor Andrew, I advance,
False mimic of my master's dance :
A-round the cord a while I sprawl ;
And thence, tho' low, in earnest fall.

My preface tells you, I digress'd :
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd.

I like, quoth Dick, your simile :
And in return, take two from me.
As master's in the Clare-obscure,
With various light your eyes allure :
A flaming yellow here they spread ?
Draw off in blew, or charge in red :
Yet from these colours odly mix'd,
Your sight upon the whole is fix'd.
Or as, again, your courtly dames,
(Whose cloaths returning birth-day claims,)
By arts improve the stuffs they vary ;
And things are best, as most contrary.
The gown with stiff embroid'ry shining,
Looks charming with a slighter lining :
The out-, if Indian figures stain ;
The in-side must be rich and plain.
So you, great authors have thought fit,
To make digression temper wit :
When arguments too fiercely glare ;
You calm 'em with a milder air ;
To break their points, you turn their force ;
And furbelow the plain discourse.

Richard, quoth Mat, these words of thine,
Speak something fly, and something fine :
But I shall e'en resume my theme ;
However thou may'st praise, or blame.

As people marry now, and settle ;
Fierce love abates his usual mettle :
Worldly desires, and household cares
Disturb the godhead's soft affairs :
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compass Alma ranges,

This day below, the next above,
As light, or solid whimsies move.
So merchant has his house in town,
And coutry seat, near Bansted-down :
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors.
In t'other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.

And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by time, grows tir'd and stupid.
For story and experience tell us,
That man grows cold, and woman jealous,
Both would their little ends secure :
He sighs for freedom, she for pow'r,
His wishes tend abroad to roam ;
And her's, to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees ;
And ruff'd more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once charming seats below :
But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints, and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon, when she was sick ;
And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.

Thus having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires, and real fears ;
And tir'd with answers, and replies,
Of John affirms, and Martha lies ;
Leaving this endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station.

Poltis, that gen'rous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.

All Asia now was by the ears :
 And gods beat up for volunteers
 To Greece and Troy ; while Poltis sat
 In quiet, governing his state.
 And whence, said the pacific king,
 Does all this noise, and discord spring ?
 Why, Paris took Atrides' wife——
 With ease I could compose the strife :
 The injur'd hero should not lose,
 Nor the young lover want a spouse :
 But Hellen chang'd her first condition,
 Without her husband's just permission.
 What from the dame can Paris hope ?
 She may as well from him elope.
 Again, how can her old good man
 With honour take her back again ?
 From hence I logically gather,
 The woman cannot live with either.
 Now I have two right honest wives,
 For whose possession no man strives :
 One to Atrides I will send ;
 And t'other to my Trojan friend.
 Each prince shall thus with honour have,
 What both so warmly seem to crave :
 The wrath of gods and man shall cease ;
 And Poltis live and die in peace.

Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
 Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.

Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary ;
 (Take this by way of Corollary :)
 Some limbs she finds the very same,
 In place, and dignity, and name :
 These dwell at such convenient distance,
 That each may give his friend assistance.
 Thus he who runs or dances, begs
 The equal vigour of two legs ;
 So much to both does Alma trust,
 She ne'er regards, which goes the first.

Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight,
Fatigues left arm, as well as right :
For whilst one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe ;
T'other would take it wond'rous ill,
If in your pocket he lay still.
And when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think, he would deny
To lend the t'other friendly aid,
Or wink, as coward, and afraid.
No, Sir ; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim.
One moment if his beams recede ;
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim,
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus, one tradesman slips away.
To give his part'ner fairer play.

Some limbs again in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends ;
Because one serves the t'other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,
That one, tho' warm, decides more slow,
Than t'other executes the blow.
A stander by may chance to have it,
E're Hack himself perceives he gave it.

The am'rous eyes thus always go
A strolling for their friends below :
For long before the 'squire and dame
Have tête à tête reliev'd their flame ;
E're visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out ;

Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her;
 And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,
 'Tho' at fash-window, on the stairs,
 At court, nay (Authors say) at pray'rs.—

The fun'ral of some valiant knight
 May give this thing it's proper light.
 View his two gantlets: these declare,
 That both his hands were us'd to war.
 And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd,
 His feet were equally concern'd.
 But have you not with thought beheld
 The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
 Which shews the breast, that plate was us'd to,
 Had an ally right arm to trust to.
 And by the peep-holes in his crest,
 Is it not virtually confest,
 That there his eye took distant aim,
 And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
 In whose delight his hope was center'd,
 And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?

Objections to my general system
 May 'rise, perhaps, and I have mist them:
 But I can call to my assistance
 Proximity (mark that!) and distance:
 Can prove, that all things on occasion,
 Love union, and desire adhesion;
 That Alma merely is a scale;
 And motives, like the weights, prevail.
 If neither side turn down or up,
 With loss or gain, with fear or hope;
 The balance always would hang e'en,
 Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt earth and heav'n.

This, Richard, is a curious case:
 Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
 Upon two distant pots of ale,
 Not knowing, which was mild or stale:
 In this sad state your doubtful choice
 Would never have the casting voice:

Which

Which best, or worst, you could not think ;
And die you must, for want of drink :
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light ;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles best agree :
Your sense resolv'd impels your will ;
She guides your hand,—so drink your fill.

Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal panniers sway'd ?
Her tallies useless lye, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle :
But forc'd from this unactive state,
By virtue of some casual weight ;
On either side you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.

Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, must take it's course.
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by power unseen,
Are barely passive, and suck'd in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
As straw and paper are by amber.
If we sit down to play or set
(Suppose at Ombre or Bassè)
Let people call us cheats, or fools ;
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We sure in vain the cards condemn :
Ourselves both cut and shuff'd them.
In vain on fortune's aid rely :
She only is a flander-by.
Poor men ! poor papers ! we and they
Do some impulsive force obey ;
And are but play'd with :—do not play.
But space and matter we should blame :
They palm'd the trick that lost the game.

Thus to save further contradiction,
Against what you may think but fiction;
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it those bold men that dare.

As well your motion, as your thought
Is all by hidden impulse wrought:
Ev'n saying, that you think or walk,
How like a country 'Squire you talk?

Mark then;—where fancy or desire
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma slides,
And there pro tempore, resides.
She dwells in Nicholini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chants the heav'nly song.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand.
Thro' Macer's gullet she runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.
And void of modesty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endless draught.
Thro' the soft sex again she ranges;
As youth, caprice, or fashion changes,
Fair Alma careless and serene,
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen;
While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames.
Again fair Alma sits confest,
On Florimel's experter breast;
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And by concealing speaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows;
When the vain thing her jewels shows:
When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waist;
And when the swelling hoop sustains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower space to enter,
Of the large round, herself the center.

Again:

Again : that single limb or feature
(Such is the cogent force of nature)
Which most did Alma's passion move,
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confest,
And printed on the am'rous breast.

O Abelard, ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth :
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song.
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern, and skill has weav'd
A silken web ; and ne'er shall fade
It's colours : gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress ;
And Venus shall the texture bless.
He o'er the weeping nun has drawn,
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That love with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime, he strives to hide :
And softly drawing back the veil,
The god shall to his vot'ries tell
Each conscious tear, each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.

Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack run from school,
Fond of his hunting horn, and pole ;
Tho' gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloo's his hounds again.
By his fire-side he starts the hare ;
And turns her in his wicker-chair :
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his mind.

If while the mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg ;

Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty one,
 Calls for Green-sleeves, and Jumping-Joan.
 In public mask, or private ball,
 From Lincoln's Inn, to Gold-smith's Hall,
 All Christmas long away she drudges:
 Trips it with 'prentices and judges:
 In vain her children urge her stay;
 And age or palsy bar the way.
 But if those images prevail,
 Which whilom did affect the tail?
 She still reviews the antient scene;
 Forgets the forty years between:
 Awkardly gay, and odly merry,
 Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
 O'er-heated with ideal rage,
 She cheats her son, to wed her page.

If Alma, whilst the man was young,
 Slip'd up too soon into his tongue:
 Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill,
 He lets that weapon ne'er lie still,
 On any point if you dispute;
 Depend upon it, he'll confute;
 Change sides; and you increase your pain:
 For he'll confute you back again.
 For one may speak with Tully's tongue;
 Yet all the while be in the wrong.
 And 'tis remarkable, that they
 Talk most, who have the least to say.
 Your dainty speakers have the curse,
 To plead bad causes down to worse:
 As dames, who native beauty want,
 Still uglier look, the more they paint.

Again: if in the female sex
 Alma should on this member fix;
 (A cruel and a desp'rate case,
 From which heav'n shield my lovely lass!)
 For evermore all care is vain,
 That would bring Alma down again.

As in habitual gout, or stone,
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet :
So, if for any sins of our's,
Or our forefather's, higher pow'rs,
Severe tho' just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife ;
'Till death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient or be deaf.

You know, a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me, when I last was sick :
She kindly talk'd at least three hours,
Of plastic forms, and mental pow'rs :
Describ'd our pre-existing station,
Before this vile terrene creation :
And lest I should be weary'd, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel :
Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece she goes ;
And takes the Romans in the close.

But we'll descant on gen'ral nature :
This is a system, not a satyr.

Turn we this globe ; and let us see,
How diff'rent nations disagree,
In what we wear, or eat and drink ;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you smell and taste
The soils, thro' which it rose and past :
In Alma's manners you may read
The place, where she was born and bred.

One people from their swadling bands
Releas'd their infants feet and hands :
Here Alma to these limbs was brought ;
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought,
Another taught their babes to talk,
E're they could yet in goe-carts walk :

There

'There Alma settl'd in the tongue ;
And Orators from Athens sprung.

Observe but in these neighb'ring lands;
The diff'rent use of mouths and hands :
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes.

In Britain's isles, as Heylyn notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats ;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion,
Men there in breeches clad you view :
They claim that garment, as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears ;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches ;
If she be seen without her breeches.

In our fantastic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair :
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flow'rs their mingl'd odours shed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet :
With down-cast looks on Totta's legs,
The ogling youth most humbly begs,
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love ;
And if the skittish nymph should fly ;
He in a double sense must die.

We simple Toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white.
And ev'ry saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet,
Except their snags are black as jett.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, Iv'ry Teeth.

At Tonquin if a prince should die ;
(As jesuits write, who never lye)

The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best;
Prepare, and light his fun'ral fire,
And chearful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half so kind.

Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry drest.
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters,
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great:
As each excels in birth, or state;
His oilet-holes are more and ampler:
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show;
And at a small expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.

Westward again the Indian fair,
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear.
Before you see, you smell your toast,
And sweetest she, who stinks the most.
The finest sparks, and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes.
How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
There slovens only are not greasy.

I mention'd diff'rent ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of ginger-bread:
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter:
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But shew a Hebrew's hopeful son,
Where we suppose the book begun;

The child would thank you for your kindness,
 And read quite backward from our Finis :
 Devour he learning e'er so fast ;
 Great A would be reserv'd the last.

An equal instance of this matter,
 Is in the manners of a daughter.
 In Europe if a harmless maid,
 By nature and by love betray'd,
 Shou'd e'er a wife become a nurse ;
 Her friends would look on her the worse.
 In China, Dampier's travels tell ye :
 (Look in his index for Pagelli)
 Soon as the British ships unmoor,
 And jolly long-boat rows to shore ;
 Down come the nobles of the land :
 Each brings his daughter in his hand,
 Beseeking the imperious tar
 To make her but one hour his care.
 The tender mother stands afrighted :
 Left her dear daughter should be slighted :
 And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame
 Of going back the maid she came.

Observe how custom, Dick, compels
 The lady that in Europe dwells :
 After her tea she slips away ;
 And what to do, one need not say.
 Now see how great Pomonque's queen
 Behav'd herself among the men :
 Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
 First drank, then water'd in the bowl ;
 And sprinkl'd in the captain's face
 The marks of her peculiar grace——

To close this point, we need not roam
 For instances so far from home.
 What parts gay France from sober Spain ?
 A little rising rocky chain.
 Of men born south, or north o'th' hill,
 Those seldom move ; these ne'er stand still.

Dick,

Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay;
Nor westward curious take thy way.
Thy way unhappy should'st thou take
From Tiber's bank to Lemman-lake;
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore:
Thy sex is lost: thy town is gone,
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.

But need we, friend, insist on this?
Since in the very Cantons Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other side a river.

Here with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full, and thick——

The bard on this extensive chapter,
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continu'd, Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky:
Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land:
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lye below;
Into those common-places look,
Which from great authors I have took:
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of need;
And thou may'st at thy leisure read.

For standing every critick's rage,
I safely will to future age
My system, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spite, and death.

T H E

T H I R D C A N T O.

RICHARD, who now was half a-sleep,
Rous'd; nor would longer silence keep:
And sense like this, in vocal breath
Broke from his twofold hedge of teeth.
Now if this phrase too harsh be thought
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak:
If 'tis not sense; at least 'tis Greek.

As folks, quoth Richard, prone to leasing,
Say things at first because they're pleasing;
Then prove what they have once asserted;
Nor care to have their lye deserted;
'Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em;
And oft repeating, they believe 'em.
Or as again those am'rous blades,
Who trifle with their mother's maids;
Tho' at the first, their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove;
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket, at a neighbours door:
But by the flatt'ring glass of nature,
Viewing themselves in Cake-bread's feature;
With serious thought and care support,
What only was begun in sport.

Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares :
Atoms you cut ; and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure ;
'Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastick birth beget :
And pleas'd to find your system mended,
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy whimsy you pursue ;
'Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert.

Quoth Matthew : friend, as far as I
Thro' art or nature cast my eye,
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought :
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught ;
He made his list'ning scholars stand,
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand ;
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the mulick of the spheres ;
Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,
And introduc'd the use of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void ;
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his subtil matter ;
You leave him neither fire, or water.
How odly would Sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force ?
How could our chymic friends go on,
To find the philosophic stone ;
If you more pow'rful reasons bring,
To prove, that there is no such thing ?

Your

Your chiefs in sciences and arts,
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find, she giddy is, or dull;
She doubts, if things are void, or full;
And who should be presum'd to tell,
What she herself shou'd see, or feel?
She doubts, if two and two make four;
Tho' she has told them ten times o'er.
It can't—it may be—and it must:
To which of these must Alma trust?
Nay, further yet they make her go,
In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
Can syllogism set things right?
No: Majors soon with minors fight:
Or, both in friendly consort join'd;
The consequence limps false behind.
So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him, how much she knows.
With patience grave he hears her speak;
And from his short notes, gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended:
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.

From the account the loser brings,
The conj'rer knows who stole the things.

'Squire (interrupted Dick) since when
Were you amongst these cunning men?

Dear Dick, quoth Mat. let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse,
I tell thee, this is Alma's case,
Still asking what some wise-man says,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which all must grant; tho' few can spell.
You tell your doctor, that y're ill;
And what does he, but write a bill,
Of which you need not read one letter?
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.
For if you knew but what you take;
'Tho' you recover, he must break.

Ideas, forms, and intellects,
Have furnish'd out three diff'rent sects.
Substance, or accident divides
All Europe into adverse sides.

Now, as engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause :
In philosophic matter so
Your judgment must with others go.
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.

Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err :
With panting haste, and quick surprise,
From ev'ry leaf that stirs, she flies ;
'Till mingl'd with the neigh'bring herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd :
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue ; if they dare lead :
As their example still prevails ;
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales.

He then, quoth Dick, who by your rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool,
As party-man who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but whimsical at best.
Now, by your favour, master Mat.
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be lifted in your sect ;
Who, tho' they teach not, can protect.
Right, Richard, Mat. in triumph cry'd ;
So put off all mistrust and pride.
And while my principles I beg ;
Pray answer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I advise :
Be first secure ; and then be wise.
The man within the coach that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives.

So,

So, Dick adept, tuck back thy hair ;
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er disclose,
In smooth fac'd verse, or hobbling prose.
Attend, dear Dick ; but don't reply :
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.

When Alma now in diff'rent ages,
Has finish'd her ascending stages ;
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits,
To judge of things, and censure wits.

Here, Richard, how could I explain,
The various lab'rins of the brain ?
Surprize my readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of Cerebrum, and Cerebellum ?
How could I play the commentator
On Dura, and on Pia Mater ?
Were hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the t'other's place to get ;
And with incessant toil and strife,
Would keep possession during life.
I could demonstrate every pore,
Where mem'ry lays up all her store ;
And to an inch compute the station,
'Twixt judgment, and imagination.
O friend ! I could display much learning ;
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells :
In each some active fancy dwells ;
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome,
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home ;
Each does her studious action vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry :
Each still renews her little labour ;
Nor justles her assiduous neighbour :

Each —

Each——whilst this Thesis I maintain;
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O with the mighty Theme affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected!

My head, quoth Dick, to serve your whim?
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of System,
Wise men propose; but fools assist 'em.

Says Matthew: Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed.

Proceed? quoth Dick: Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.

When people once are in the wrong;
Each line they add, is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.

Bless your conceits! must I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive;
And, for your friendship, live and die
A papist in philosophy?

I say, whatever you maintain

Of Alma in the heart, or brain;

The plainest man alive may tell ye,

Her seat of empire is the belly:

From hence she sends out those supplies,

Which make us either stout, or wise:

The strength of ev'ry other member,

Is founded on your belly-timber:

The qualms or raptures of your blood

Rise in proportion to your food;

And if you would improve your thought;

You must be fed, as well as taught.

Your stomach makes your fabric roll;

Just as the bias rules the bowl.

That great Achilles might employ

The strength, design'd to ruin Troy;

He din'd on lion's marrow, spread

On toasts of Ammunition-bread:

But by his mother sent away,
 Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
 Effeminate he sat, and quiet :
 Strange product of a cheese-cake diet !
 Now give my argument fair play ;
 And take the thing the t'other way :
 The youngster, who at nine and three
 Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
 From break-fast reads, 'till twelve o'clock,
 Burnet and Heylyn, Hobbes and Lock :
 He pays due visits after noon
 To cousin Alice, and uncle John :
 At ten from coffee-house or play
 Returning, finishes the day.
 But give him port, and potent sack ;
 From Milk-sop he starts up Mohack :
 Holds that the happy know no hours ;
 So thro' the street at midnight scowrs ;
 Breaks watch-men's heads, and chair-men's glasses ;
 And thence proceeds to nicking fashes :
 Till by some tougher hand o'ercome,
 And first knock'd down, and then led home ;
 He damns the foot-man, strikes the maid,
 And decently reels up to bed.

Observe the various operations
 Of food, and drink, in several nations.
 Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel,
 Upon the strength of water-gruel ?
 But who shall stand his rage and force ;
 If first he rides, then eats his horse ?
 Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare
 Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
 And, if I take Dan Congreve right ;
 Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
 Tokay and Coffee cause this work,
 Between the German and the Turk :
 And both, as they provisions want,
 Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint.

Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
Give the same death in diff'rent words.
To push this argument no further ;
To starve a man, in law, is murder.

As in a watch's fine machine,
Tho' many artful springs are seen ;
The added movements, which declare,
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary pow'r
From that, which simply points the hour.
For, tho' these gim-cracks were away ;
(Quare would not swear ; but Quare would say)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain :
But if the horal orbit ceases ;
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces ;
Is now no longer what it was ;
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So if unprejudic'd you scan
The goings of this clock-work, man ;
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head :
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke,
That tells his being, what's a clock.
If you take off his Rhet'ric-trigger ;
He talks no more in mood and figure :
Or clog his Mathematic-wheel ;
His buildings fall ; his ships stand still.
Or lastly, break his Politic-weight ;
His voice no longer rules the state.
Yet if these finer whims were gone ;
Your clock, tho' plain, would still go on :
But spoil the engine of digestion ;
And you entirely change the question.
Alma's affairs no pow'r can mend ;
The jest, alas ! is at an end :
Soon ceases all this worldly bustle ;
And you consign the corps to Ruffel.

Now make your Alma come or go,
 From leg to hand, from top to toe;
 Your System, without my addition,
 Is in a very sad condition.
 So Harlequin extoll'd his horse,
 Fit for the war, or road, or course;
 His mouth was soft; his eyes were good;
 His foot was sure as ever trod:
 One fault he had, a fault indeed;
 And what was that? the horse was dead.

Dick, from these instances and fetches,
 Thou mak'st of horses, clocks and watches,
 Quoth Mat, to me thou seem'st to mean,
 That Alma, is a mere Machine;
 That telling others what's a clock,
 She knows not what herself has struck;
 But leaves to standers-by the trial,
 Of what is mark'd upon her dial.

Here hold a blow, good friend, quoth Dick,
 And rais'd his voice exceeding quick:
 Fight fair, Sir: What I never meant
 Don't you infer. In argument,
 Similies are like songs in love:
 They much describe; they nothing prove.

Mat, who was here a little gravel'd,
 Toft up his nose, and would have cavil'd:
 But calling Hermes to his aid,
 Half pleas'd, half-angry, thus he said:

Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
 That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
 In danger heroes, and in doubt
 Poets find gods to help them out.

Friend Richard, I begin to see,
 That you and I shall scarce agree.
 Observe how oddly you behave:
 The more I grant, the more you crave.
 But, comrade, as I said just now,
 I should affirm, and you allow.

We System-makers can sustain
The Thesis, which, you grant, was plain;
And with remarks and comments tease ye;
In case the thing before was easy.
But in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnits did with Clark;
And when no reason we can show,
Why matters this or that way go;
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny:
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And false to all the world beside.

That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell, what motion was:
Because he walk'd against his will;
He fac'd men down, that he stood still.
And he who reading on the heart,
(When all is Quodlibets of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat)
Swore, he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold, (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both false, and true.
And Malbranch has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd French-man's pate:
Says he, so little can our mind
Of matter, or of spirit find,
That we by guess, at least, may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.
Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
(But this is only *Entre Nous*)
That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear:
As nature sily had thought fit,
For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit.
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble:

The longitude uncertain roams,
 In spite of Wh ——— n and his bombs.
 What Syſtem, Dick, has right averr'd
 The cauſe, why woman has no beard;
 Or why, as years our frame attack,
 Our hair grows white, our teeth grow black?
 In points like theſe we muſt agree,
 Our barber knows as much as we.
 Yet ſtill unable to explain,
 We muſt perſiſt the beſt we can;
 With care our Syſtems ſtill renew,
 And prove things likely, tho' not true.

I could, thou ſee'ſt, in quaint diſpute,
 By dint of Logic ſtrike thee mute;
 With learned ſkill, now puſh, now parry,
 From Darii to Bocardo vary,
 And never yield, or what is worſt,
 Never conclude the point diſcourſ'd.
 Yet, that you hic & nunc may know,
 How much you to my candour owe;
 I'll from the diſputant deſcend,
 To ſhow thee, I aſſume the friend:
 I'll take thy notion for my own——
 (So moſt philoſophers have done)
 It makes my Syſtem more complete:
 Dick, can it have a nobler fate?
 Take what thou wilt, ſaid Dick, dear friend;
 But bring thy matters to an end.

I find, quoth Mat, reproof is vain:
 Who firſt offend will firſt complain.
 Thou wiſheſt, I ſhould make to ſhore,
 Yet ſtill put'ſt in thy thwarting oar.
 What I have told thee fifty times
 In proſe, receive for once in rhimes:
 A huge fat man in country-fair,
 Or city-church, (no matter where)
 Labour'd and puſh'd amidſt the croud,
 Still bawling out extremely loud;

Lord

Lord save us! why do people prefs?
Another marking his distress,
Friendly reply'd; phump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can:
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:
You make the very croud you blame.

Says Dick, your moral does not need
The least return; so e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short:
So far, at least, I thank you for't.

Mat. took his thanks, and in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on.

Now Alma settles in the head;
As has before been sung, or said:
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter revenge, ambition, strife:
Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
L'avare not using half his store,
Still grumbles, that he has no more:
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year:
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.
Abroad if the Sour-tout you wear,
Repells the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer if at home
You had the fabric, and the loom?
And if two boots kept out the weather;
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no tryal
Of a Sonata on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut,
Whence every string at first was cut?
When Rarus shows you his carton;
He always tells you with a groan,
Where two of that same hand were torn,
Long before you, or he were born.

Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
 For part of his Petronius lost;
 That he can never take the pains
 To understand what yet remains.

What toil did honest Curio take?
 What strict enquiries did he make,
 To get one medal wanting yet,
 And perfect all his Roman sett?
 'Tis found: and O his happy lot!
 'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
 Of these no more you hear him speak:
 He now begins upon the Greek.
 These rang'd and show'd, shall in their turns
 Remain obscure, as in their urns.
 My copper-lamps at any rate,
 For being true antique, I bought;
 Yet wisely melted down my plate,
 On modern models to be wrought:
 And trifles I alike pursue;
 Because they're old; because they're new.

Dick, I have seen you with delight,
 For Georgy make a paper-kite.
 And simple odes too many show ye,
 My servile complaisance to Cloc.
 Parents and lovers are decreed
 By nature fools——That's brave indeed!
 Quo'h Dick: such truth's are worth receiving;
 Yet still Dick look'd, as not believing.

Now, Alma, to divines and prose
 I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
 Nor think to-night of thy ill-nature,
 But of thy follies, idle creature,
 The turns of thy uncertain wing,
 And not the malice of thy sting:
 Thy pride of being great and wise,
 I do but mention, to despise.
 I view with anger and disdain,
 How little gives thee joy, or pain:

A print,

A print, a bronze, a flow'r, a root,
A shell, a butter-fly can do't.
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain :
Tho' flown, it ne'er looks back again.
And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward-thought.
Happy result of human wit !
That Alma may herself forget.

Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.

With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gain'd, he could not use :
And t'other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor ne'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules ;
In gesture grave, in action fools :
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults, we strive to hide.
Or grant, that with extreme surprize,
We find ourselves at sixty wise ;
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one ;
Whilst, as my System says, the mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd.
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit ;
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks ;
My poem would be too prolix.
For could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne ;
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o' Stiles, or John o' Nokes ?

As Brentford kings discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping :

So

So Alma now to joy or grief
 Superior, finds her late relief:
 Weary'd of being high, or great,
 And nodding in her chair of state;
 Stun'd and worn out with endless chat,
 Of Will did this, and Nan said that;
 She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
 Which nature, forc'd by time, must make:
 Thro' which she wings her destin'd way:
 Upward she soars; and down drops clay:
 While some surviving friend supplies
 Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.
 O Richard, 'till that day appears,
 Which must decide our hopes and fears:
 Would fortune calm her present rage,
 And give us play-things for our age:
 Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
 And twist our thread with gold and silk:
 Would she in friendship, peace, and plenty,
 Spin out our years to four times twenty:
 And should we both in this condition,
 Have conquer'd love, and worse ambition,
 (Else those two passions, by the way,
 May chance to shew us scurvy play:)
 Then Richard, then should we sit down,
 Far from the tumult of this town:
 I fond of my well-chosen seat,
 My pictures, medals, books compleat:
 Or should we mix our friendly talk,
 O'er-shaded in that fav'rite walk,
 Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
 Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted:
 Yet then, ev'n then one cross reflection
 Would spoil thy grove, and my collection.
 Thy son and his, e're that, may die:
 And time some uncouth heir supply:
 Who shall for nothing else be known,
 But spoiling all that thou hast done.

Who

Who set the twiggs, shall he remember,
That is in haste to sell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain;
Except the box that threw the main?

Nay may not time and death remove
The near relations, whom I love?
And my coz Tom, and his coz Mary
(Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
My fav'rite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Doiley by the ell?

Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set their price upon the bigger?
Those who could never read their grammar;
When my dear volumes touch the hammer;
May think books best, as richest bound.

My copper medals by the pound
May be with learn'd justice weigh'd:

To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and for the mettle;
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle——

Tir'd with these thoughts——Less tir'd than I,
Quoth Dick, with your philosophy——

That people live and die, I knew
And hour ago, as well as you.

And if fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears;

I know, we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils, wet or dry.

Yet let the goddess, smile, or frown;
Bread we shall eat, or white, or brown:

And in a cottage, or a court,
Drink fine champagne, or muddl'd port.

What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive, who cannot spell?

And must we spectacles apply,
To view, what hurts our naked eye?

Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim,
To make me merrier than I am;

I'll be all night at your devotion ———
Come on, friend ; broach the pleasing notion :
But if you would depress my thought ;
Your System is not worth a groat ———

For Plato's fancies what care I ?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say ?
E'en let him of Ideas speak
To heathens in his native greek.
If to be sad is to be wise ;
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wacnly read.

Dear Drift, to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight ;
Burn Mat's Des-cart' and Aristotle :
Here, Jonathan, your master's bottle.

SOLOMON

ON THE

VANITY

OF THE

WORLD.

A

POEM

IN

THREE BOOKS.

*Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam, et
in cunis vagiam, valde recusem.* Cicero de Senect.

The bewailing of Man's Miseries hath been elegantly
and copiously set forth by many, in the Writings as
well of Philosophers, as Divines. And it is both a
pleasant and a profitable Contemplation.

Lord BACON'S Advancement of Learning.

S. O. L. O. M. O. N.

OF THE

V. A. N. I. T. A. Y.

OF THE

W. O. R. L. D.

P. O. E. M.

I N

THREE BOOKS.

THESE THREE BOOKS, AS ON OUR EXTENSIVE
AND COMPLETELY NEW SYSTEM, ARE THE

A BEHAVING OF MIND, WHICH HAVE BEEN
AND ESPECIALLY FOR THE USE OF THE
WELL OF PHILOSOPHY, AS IT IS
AND A PRACTICAL COMPREHENSION
OF THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING

T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success: - He can be no more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a satyr made on him by another: And though he may justly desire, that a friend should praise him; yet if he makes his own panegyric, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a Culprit: The public are his judges: By allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may please the court that sits upon him: His apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid these extremes: and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem; I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford subjects for finer poems in every kind, than have, I think, as yet appear'd in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language: How far they were verse in their original, is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out.

P R E F A C E.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together, in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations, and apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, All is Vanity.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge, what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing; or (as the painters term it) in grouping such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the *Simplex duntaxat et unum*, which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long; I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether Didactic, or Heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics; desiring them to be favourable in their censure; and not solicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief personage or character in the Epic, is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration, and the moral. Homer intended to shew us in his Iliad, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles therefore is haughty, and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odysses the same poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restor'd after the severest afflictions. Ulysses therefore is valiant, virtuous and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us, how from a small colony established by
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the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire rose, and from what antient families Angustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, still distinguished and protected by the favour of the gods. The poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulysses; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the person of *Æneas*.

As Virgil copy'd after Homer, other epic poets have copied after them both. Tasso's *Gierusalemme Liberata* is directly Troy-town sacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin poet had joined in one, the Italian has separated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo: But he makes them both carry on his work with very great success. Ronsard's *Franciade*, (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's *Æneas*. His hero comes from a foreign country, settles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. I instance in these, as the greatest Italian and French poets in the epic. In our language Spenser has not contented himself with this submissive manner of imitation: He launches out into very flowery paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great road. His fairy Queen (had it been finished) must have ended in the account, which every knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praises of his heroine Gloriana. The whole would have been an heroic poem, but in another cast and figure, than any that had ever been written before. Yet it is observable, that every hero (as far as we can judge by books still remaining) bears his distinguish'd character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject: The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries: Age steals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure for our ills, ought to be expected but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who therefore more proper for the business than Solomon

Vol. II. K himself?

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himself? And why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almost three thousand years since? If in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if endowed with the greatest perfections of nature, and possess'd of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness; the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for the truth of what he asserts. And the author who would persuade, that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole poem is a soliloque: Solomon is the person that speaks: He is at once the hero and the author; but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philosophers in the first book, and his women and their attendants in his second: With these the sacred history mentions him to have conversed; as likewise the angel brought down in the third book to help him out of his difficulties, or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an occasion.

In my description I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewish nation, at the time when Solomon lived: And where I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest Chronology; though a poet is not obliged to the rules, that confine an historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan hero and Carthaginian queen could not have been brought together: And without the same Anachronism several of the finest parts of his *Æneis* must have been omitted. Our countryman

Milton

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Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images some thousands of years {after the fall of man: Nor could he otherwise have written, or we read one of the sublimest pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection, that some names of countries, terms of art, and notions of natural philosophy are otherwise expressed, than can be warranted by the Geography, or Astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: Their personages may be dress'd, not exactly in the same habits which they wore, but in such as made them appear most graceful. In this case, probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eminent masters in either science. Raphael and Tasso have shewed their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagancies. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the measure, in which this, and most poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Donne and his cotemporaries used it, carrying the sense of one verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it: It is too confined: It cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following; and consequently produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for Epic. And as it tires the writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats; especially in a poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into Blank Verse, as Milton did, (and to this kind Mr. Philips, had he lived, would have excelled) or running the thought into Alternate and

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Stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserves the dignity of the verse, as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine: I am only enquiring, in order to be better informed; without presuming to direct the judgment of others. And while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends now living; who have in Epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far, as the nature of the measure will permit. But once more, he that writes in rhimes, dances in fetters: And as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive Paenegyric upon Great Britain, in the first book: I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best poet, or greatest scholar that ever wrote.

And now, as to the publishing of this piece, though I have in a literal sense observed Horace's *Nonum prematur in Annum*; yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical lawgiver, according to the spirit of the precept. The poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the term prescribed; but in the mean time I had little leisure, and less inclination to revise or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private studies, and great variety of public life, in which I have been employed; my thoughts, (such as they are) having generally been expressed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of English poetry requires: All these, and some other circumstances, which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. Far indeed
from

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from designing to print, I had locked up these papers in my Scrutoire, there to lie in peace, 'till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this design; or how my Scrutoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed; is the question. The true reason I take to be the best: Many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have wrested the key from my hands by a very kind and irresistible violence: And the poem is published, not without my consent indeed, but a little against my opinion; and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure; I shall always think myself happy, if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service. And I am proud to finish this preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed, by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my lord Harley and Bathurst as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those, whose names do me great honour in the beginning of my book: These two only ought to be angry with me: for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgment of their particular kindness.

KNOW-

KNOWLEDGE:

THE

FIRST BOOK.

The A R G U M E N T.

SOLOMON seeking happiness from Knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin, and situation of the habitable earth; proceeds to examine the System of the visible heaven, doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds, enquires into the nature of spirits and angels; and wishes to be more fully informed, as to the attributes of the supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the Rabbins, and doctors; blames his curiosity; and concludes, that as to human science, All is Vanity.

TEXTS

T E X T S chiefly alluded to in this Book.

The words of the Preacher, the Son of DAVID, King of Jerufalem, Ecclesiastes, Chap. I. Ver. 1.

Vanity of Vanities, faith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity. Ver. 2.

I communed with mine own heart, faying, lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom, than all that have been before me in Jerufalem: Yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. ver. 16.

He fpake of trees, from the Cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the Hyffop that springeth out of the wall: he fpake alfo of beafts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fifhes. I Kings, chap. iv. ver. 33.

I know, that whatfoever God doeth, it fhall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it; and God doth it, that men fhould fear before him. Ecclesiastes, chap. iii. ver. 14.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: Alfo he hath fet the world in their heart, fo that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end. ver. 11.

For

T E X T S *chiefly alluded to in this Book.*

For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow. Chap. i. ver. 18.

And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Chap. xii. ver. 12.

K N O W.

KNOWLEDGE:

T H E

F I R S T B O O K.

YE sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the preacher, and believe the friend,
Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think is vain.
That in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of pearls, and thro' vales of tears
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of it's end.
That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares;
And at approach of death shall only know
The truths, which from these pensive numbers flow, }
That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.

Happiness, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, mistaking; fugitive theme
Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire.

Cause

Cause of our care, and error of our mind :
O ! had'st thou ever been by heav'n design'd
To Adam, and his mortal race ; the boon
Entire, had been reserv'd for Solomon :
On me the partial lot had been bestow'd ;
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.

But O ! e'er yet original man was made ;
E'er the foundations of the earth was laid ;
It was, opponent to our search, ordain'd,
That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.
This, sad experience cites me to reveal ;
And what I dictate is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great David's fav'rite son,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne
Sublime, my court with Ophir's treasures blest,
My name extended to the farthest east,
My body cloath'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment sound.
Arise (I commun'd with myself) arise ;
Think, to be happy ; to be great, be wise :
Content of spirit must from science flow ;
For 'tis a godlike attribute, to know.

I said ; and sent my edict thro' the land :
Around my throne the letter'd Rabbins stand,
Historick leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing, as the younger read :
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said ;

The Vegetable world, each plant, and tree,
It's seed, it's name, it's nature, it's degree
I am allow'd, as fame reports, to know,
From the fair Cedar, on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon nodding supremely tall,
To creeping Moss, and Hyssop on the wall :
Yet just and conscious to myself, I find
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.

I know

I know not why the beach delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade;
Whilst tow'ring Firrs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies:
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head:
Whilst the distinguish'd Yew is ever seen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the sun why does the Caltha fade?
Why does the Cyprus flourish in the shade?
The Fig and Date, why love they to remain
In middle station and an even plain;
While on the lower marsh the Gourd is found;
And while the hill with Olive shade is crown'd?
Why does one climate, and one soil endue
The blushing Poppy with a crimson hue;
Yet leave the Lilly pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond Carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root;
While the fantastick Tulip strives to break
In two-fold beauty, and a parted streak?
The twining Jasmine, and the blushing Rose,
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose:
The smelling Tub'rose, and Junquele declare,
The stronger impulse of an evening air?
Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flow'r
A various instinct, or a diff'rent pow'r?
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one breath
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
Whence does it happen, that the plant which well
We name the Sensative, should move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighb'ring hand?
Along the sunny bank, or wat'ry mead,
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;

Yet.

Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
 Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
 The Cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress,
 Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast.
 A fairer red stands blushing in the Rose,
 Than that which on the bride-groom's vestment flows.
 Take but the humblest Lilly of the field;
 And if our pride will to our reason yield,
 It must by sure comparison be shown,
 That on the regal seat great David's son,
 Array'd in all his robes, and types of pow'r,
 Shines with less glory, than that simple flow'r.

Of fishes next, my friends, I would require,
 How the mute race engender, or respire;
 From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream
 Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
 To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
 And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays.
 How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
 From freezing waters, and the colder north,
 To southren climes directing their career,
 Their station changing with th' inverted year.
 How all with careful knowledge are indu'd,
 To chuse their proper bed, and wave, and food:
 To guard their spawn, and educate their brood.

Of birds, how each according to her kind
 Proper materials for her nest can find;
 And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
 Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
 How in small flights they know to try their young,
 And teach the callow child her parent's song.
 Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood,
 Why ev'ry land has her specific brood.
 Where the tall Crane, or winding Swallow goes,
 Fearful of gathering winds, and falling snows:
 If into rocks, or hollow trees they creep,
 In temporary death confin'd to sleep;

Or

Or conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a southern sky.

Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wond'rous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?

Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into nature's bosom, whence the Bee
Was first inform'd her vent'rous flight to steer
Thro' tractless paths, and an abyss of air.
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flow'rs their opening buds disclose. }

How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun
Finds she the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burden to the certain hive,
And thro' the liquid fields again to pass
Dutious, and hark'ning to the sounding brass?

And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the Ant
'Midst summer's plenty thinks of winter's want:
By constant journeys careful to prepare
Her stores; and bringing home the corny ear,
By what instructions does she bite the grain,
Lest hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear. }

Fix thy corporeal, and internal eye,
On the young Gnat, or new-engender'd Fly;
On the vile Worm, that yesterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
Like thee they breath, thy move, they taste, they see,
They shew their passions by their acts like thee:
Darting their stings, they previously declare
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:

Lay-

Laying their eggs, they evidently prove
 The genial power, and full effect of love.
 Each then has organs to digest his food,
 One to beget, and one receive the brood :
 Has limbs and sinews, blood and heart, and brain,
 Life, and her proper functions to sustain ;
 Tho' the whole fabric smaller than a grain. }
 What more can our penurious reason grant
 To the large Whale, or castled Elephant,
 To those enormous terrors of the Nile,
 The crested Snake, and long-tail'd Crocodile,
 Than that all differ but in shape and name,
 Each destin'd to a less, or larger frame ?

For potent nature loves a various act,
 Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract :
 Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
 And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
 The object spread too far, or rais'd too high,
 Denies it's real image to the eye :
 Too little, it eludes the dazzl'd sight ;
 Becomes mixt blackness, or unparted light.
 Water and air the varied form confound ;
 The strait looks crooked, and the square looks round.

Thus while with fruitless hope, and weary pain,
 We seek great nature's pow'r, but seek in vain ;
 Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat ;
 Around her, myriads of Ideas wait,
 And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen
 Can take or quit, can alter or retain :
 As from our lost pursuit she wills to hide
 Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.

Untam'd and fierce the Tiger still remains :
 He tires his life in biting on his chains :
 For the kind gifts of water, and of food,
 Ungrateful, and returning ill for good, }
 He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood :
 While the strong Camel, and the gen'rous Horse,
 Refrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,

Do to their rider's will their rage submit,
And answer to the spur, and own the bit ;
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's hand ;
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.

Again : the lonely Fox roams far abroad,
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud ;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn ;
And flies the hated neighbourhood of man :
While the kind Spaniel, and the faithful Hound ;
Likest the Fox in shape and species found,
Refuses thro' these cliffs and lawns to roam ;
Pursues the noted path, and covets home ;
Does with kind joy domestic faces meet ;
Takes what the glutt'd child denies to eat ;
And dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet.

By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I see in others, or I think to see,
'That strict their principles, and our's agree.
Evil like us they shun, and covet good ;
Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
Like us they love or hate : like us they know ;
'To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With seeming thought their action they intend,
And use the means proportion'd to the end.
'Then vainly the philosopher avers,
'That reason guides our deed, and instinct their's.
How can we justly diff'rent causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same ?
Instinct and reason how can we divide ?
'Tis the fool's ign'rance, and the pedant's pride.
With the same folly sure, man vaunts his sway :
If the brute beast refuses to obey.
For tell me, when the empty boaster's word
Proclaims himself the universal lord ;
Does he not tremble, lest the Lion's paw
Shou'd join his plea against the fancy'd law ?

Would not the learned coward leave the chair;
 If in the schools or porches should appear
 The fierce Hyæna, or the foaming Bear?

The combatant too late the field declines;
 When now the sword is girded to his loins.
 When the swift vessel flies before the wind;
 Too late the sailor views the land behind.
 And 'tis too late now back again to bring
 Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the wing;
 Forward she strives, averse to be with-held
 From nobler objects, and a larger field.

Consider with me this ætherial space,
 Yielding to earth and sea the middle place.
 Anxious I ask ye, how the penfile ball
 Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.
 When I reflect how the revolving sun
 Does round our globe his crooked journies run;
 I doubt of many lands, if they contain
 Or herd of beast, or colony of man:
 If any nations pass their destin'd days
 Beneath the neighb'ring sun's directer rays:
 If any suffer on the polar coast,
 The rage of Arctos, and eternal frost.

May not the pleasure of omnipotence
 To each of these some secret good dispense?
 Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
 May they not gales unknown to us receive:
 See daily show'rs rejoice the thirsty earth,
 And bless the flow'ry buds succeeding birth?
 May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
 The various heav'n of an obliquer sphere;
 While by fix'd laws, and with a just return,
 They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve that burn;
 And praise the neighb'ring sun, whose constant flame
 Enlightens them with seasons still the same?
 And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
 North beyond Tartary's extended waste,

Where

Where thro' the plains of one continual day,
Six shining months pursue their even way;
And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
Obscur'd with vapors and o'erwhelm'd in night;
May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
(As annals may inform succeeding times)
To our quotidian change of heav'n prefer
Their own vicissitude, and equal share
Of day and night, disparted thro' the year?
May they not scorn our sun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,
Hast'ning from morn, and headlong driv'n from noon,
Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done?
May they not justly to our climes upbraid
Shortness of night, and penury of shade;
That e'er our weary'd limbs are justly blest
With wholesom sleep, and necessary rest;
Another sun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear?
Whilst, when the solar beams salute their sight,
Bald and secure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remotest wood, and farthest lake;
Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
With more extended nerves, and more continu'd force.
And when declining day forsakes their sky;
When gath'ring clouds speak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming season blest,
Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe;
Which our sad scenes of daily action know:
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest;
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they suffer) to the list'ning fair;
And rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease
(Grateful alternates of substantial peace)

They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.

In foreign isles which our discov'ers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
The rugged Bears, or spotted Lynx's brood;
Frighten the vallies, and infest the wood:
The hungry Crocodile, and hissing Snake
Lurk in the troubl'd stream and fenny brake:
And man untaught, and rav'nous as the beast,
Does valley, wood, and brake, and stream infest.
Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of earth?
Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man?
Or grant, this progeny was waisted o'er
By coasting boats from next adjacent shore:
Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,
Slaughter to harmless lands, and poison bring?
Would they on board or Bears, or Lynxes take,
Feed the sne Adder, and the brooding Snake?
Or could they think the new discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant Crocodile?

And since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race;
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set;
To sow the glebe, to plant the gen'rous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine?
While the great Sire's unhappy sons are found,
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God.

How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The vary'd forms of ev'ry thing we view;
That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of those materials which have been confess'd
The pristine springs, and parents of the rest,

Each

Shou.

Each becomes other. Water stop'd gives birth
To grass and plants, and thickens into earth :
Diffus'd it rises in a higher sphere ;
Dilates its drops, and softens into air :
Those finer parts of air again aspire ;
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire :
That fire once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd in earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles ; is fire no more ;
But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore ;
Or running thro' the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its shape ; puts off its old remains ;
With wat'ry parts its lessen'd force divides ;
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And deep furcharg'd by sandy mountains lie,
Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating rain,
And furious wind, down to the distant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the skies,
Shall fall : The plain by slow degrees shall rise
Higher than er'st had stood the summit-hill :
For time must nature's great behests fulfill.

Thus by a length of years, and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, small or great :
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,
And Egypt's Pyramids refine to air.
Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood :
And travellers enquire where Babel stood.

Now where we see these changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by, as natural :
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear ;
Let active thought these close Mæanders trace,
Let human wit their dubious bound'ries place.
Are all things miracle ; or nothing such ?
And prove we not too little, or too much ?

For that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod
Should at a word pronounc'd revive and bud :

Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
 Strip'd by December's frost, and white with snow,
 Should push, in spring, ten thousand thousand buds;
 And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods?
 That each successive night from opening heav'n
 The food of angels should to man be giv'n;
 Is this more strange, than that with common bread
 Our fainting bodies every day are fed;
 That than each grain and seed consum'd in earth,
 Raises its store, and multiplies its birth;
 And from the handful, which the tiller sows,
 The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flows?

Then from what'er we can with sense produce,
 Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,
 From nature's constant or eccentric laws,
 The thoughtful soul this gen'ral influence draws,
 That an effect must presuppose a cause. }
 And while she does her upward flight sustain,
 Touching each link of the continu'd chain,
 At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see }
 A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
 What has for ever been, and must for ever be. }

This great existence thus by reason found,
 Bless'd by all pow'r, with all perfection crown'd :
 How can we bind or limit his decree,
 By what our ear has heard, or eye may see?
 Say then: Is all in heaps of water lost,
 Beyond the islands, and the midland-coast?
 Or has that God, who gave our world it's birth,
 Sever'd those waters by some other earth,
 Countries by future plough-shares to be torn,
 And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn?
 E're the progressive course of restless age
 Performs three thousand times its annual stage;
 May not our pow'r and learning be suppress'd;
 And arts and empire learn to travel west?

Where, by the strength of this Idea charm'd,
 Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,

Ascends

Ascends my soul? what sees she white and great
Amidst subjected seas? An Isle, the seat
Of pow'r and plenty; her imperial throne,
For justice and for mercy sought and known;
Virtues sublime, great attributes of heav'n,
From thence to this distinguish'd nation giv'n.
Yet farther west the western Isle extends
Her happy fame; her armed fleets she sends,
To climates folded yet from human eye;
And lands, which we imagine wave and sky.
From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
And rules an empire by an ocean bound;
Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd
In other Indies, and a second world.

Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)
Be first in conquest, and preside in fame:
Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of envy, and the force of age:
Rever'd and happy she shall long remain,
Of human things least changeable, least vain.
Yet all must with the gen'ral doom comply;
And this great glorious pow'r, tho' last, must die.

Now let us leave this earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon' azure sky:
Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the morning red;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And chusing sable for the peaceful night.
Ask reason now, whence light and shade were giv'n,
And whence this great variety of heav'n:
Reason our guide, what can she more reply,
Than that the sun illuminates the sky;
Than that night rises from his absent ray,
And his returning lustre kindles day?

But we expect the morning red in vain:
'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain.
The noontide yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in storm, or red in light'ning fire.

Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
 Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears :
 Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
 With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
 Send forth, ye wise, send forth your lab'ring thought :
 Let it return with empty notions fraught,
 Of airy columns every moment broke,
 Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke :
 Yet this solution but once more affords
 New change of terms, and scaffolding of words :
 In other garb my question I receive ;
 And take the doubt the very same I gave.

Lo ! as a giant strong the lusty sun
 Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run,
 Twofold his course, yet constant his career,
 Changing the day, and finishing the year.
 Again when his descending orb retires,
 And earth perceives the absence of his fires ;
 The moon affords us her alternate ray,
 And with kind beams distributes fainter day :
 Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race,
 Various her beams, and changeable her face.
 Each planet shining in his proper sphere,
 Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer :
 Each sees his lamp with diff'rent lustre crown'd :
 Each knows his course with diff'rent periods bound ;
 And in his passage thro' the liquid space,
 Nor hastens, nor retards his neighbour's race.
 Now shine these planets with substantial rays ?
 Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days ?
 Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown)
 Dart furtive beams, and glory not their own,
 All servants to that source of light, the sun ?

Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,
 Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares :
 (Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
 When we would plant or cultivate, or build)

But

But shining with such vast, such various light,
As speaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite:
How mean the order and perfection sought
In the best product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the spirit of the world ordains!

Now if the sun to earth transmits his ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day:
How small a portion of his pow'r is giv'n
To orbs more distant, and remoter heav'n?
And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,
Each by a native stock of honour great,
May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
Itself a sun; and with transmissive light
Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight;
Around the circles of their ambient skies
New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise;
And other stars may to those suns be earths;
Give their own elements their proper births;
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole;
See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll;
Yet these great orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their different sphere
Makes or their distance, or their height appear)
Be seen a nobler, or inferior star;
And in that space, which we call air and sky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns may lye
Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human eye.

In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
And find and fix it's centre here or there;
Whilst it's circumf'rence, scorning to be brought
E'en into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd thought.

Where then are all the radiant Monsters driv'n,
With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd heav'n?
Where will their fictitious images remain?
In paper schemes, and the Chaldean's brain.

This

This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
 Let us for once a child of truth confess;
 That these fair stars, these objects of delight,
 And terror, to our searching dazl'd sight,
 Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.
 But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
 Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride?
 Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span,
 A moment thy duration; foolish man!
 As well may the minutest Emmet say,
 'That Caucasus was rais'd, to pave his way:
 The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
 Was destin'd only for his walk, and food:
 The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast
 That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast,
 The craggy rock projects above the sky,
 That he in safety at it's foot may lye;
 And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
 Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell.

A higher flight the vent'rous goddess tries,
 Leaving material worlds, and local skies:
 Enquires, what are the beings, where the space,
 That form'd and held the angels antient race.
 For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought:
 (I offer only what tradition taught :)
 Embattel'd cherub against cherub rose;
 Did shield to shield, and pow'r to pow'r oppose:
 Heav'n rung with triumph: hell was fill'd with woes.
 What were these forms, of which your volumes tell,
 How some fought great, and others recreant fell?
 These bound to bear an everlasting load,
 Durance of chain, and banishment of God:
 By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire;
 To swim in sulph'rous lakes, or land on solid fire:
 While those exalted to primæval light,
 Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
 Only perceive some little pause of joys
 In those great moments, when their God employs

Their

Their ministry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, or the rebellious state :
Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
And speak the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns ;
And the rebellious state in ashes mourns.
How can good angels be in heav'n confin'd,
Or view that presence, which no space can bind ?
Is God above, beneath, or yon', or here ?
He who made all, is he not ev'ry where ?
O how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide 'em from that piercing light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the pow'r of sight ?

What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air ?
Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever seen.
Was it not therefore to our fathers known,
That these had appetite, and limb, and bone ?
Else how could Abram wash their weary'd feet ;
Or Sarah please their taste with sav'ry meat ?
Whence should they fear, or why did Lot engage
To save their bodies from abusive rage ?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Fell or resist the wrestling angel's might ?
How could a form it's strength with matter try ?
Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh ?

Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays ?
How guide they then our pray'r, or keep our ways,
By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost ?

Have they again (as sacred song proclaims)
Substances real, and existing frames ?
How comes it, since with them we jointly share
The great effect of one Creator's care ;

That

That whilst our bodies sicken, and decay,
 Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
 Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath,
 With want and sorrow, with disease and death;
 Do they more blest'd perpetual life employ
 On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?

Now when my mind has all this world survey'd,
 And found, that nothing by itself was made;
 When thought has rais'd itself by just degrees,
 From vallies crown'd with flow'rs, and hills with trees;
 From smoaking min'rals, and from rising streams;
 From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thames;
 From all the living, that four-footed move
 Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
 From all that can with finns, or feathers fly
 Thro' the aerial, or the wat'ry sky;
 From the poor reptile with a reas'ning soul,
 That miserable master of the whole;
 From this great object of the body's eye,
 This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
 Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
 With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light;
 From essences unseen, celestial names,
 Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flames,
 Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
 All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
 Lift we our reason to that sov'reign cause,
 Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with
 laws;

Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
 His will and act, his word and work the same:
 To whom a thousand years are but a day;
 Who bad the light her genial beams display;
 And set the moon, and taught the sun his way:
 Who walking time, his creature, from the source
 Primæval, order'd his predestin'd course:
 Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
 Holding, obedient to his high command,

The deep abyfs, the long continu'd ftore,
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes pour
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more. }

This Alpha and Omega, firft and laft,
Who like the potter in a mould has caft
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eye of fenfe and reafon fee;
Yet if he wills, change or fpoil the whole;
May take yon' beauteous, myftic, ftarry roll,
And burn it, like an ufelefs parchment fcroll: }
May from it's bafis in one moment pour
This melted earth——

Like liquid metal, and like burning ore:
Who fole in pow'r, at the beginning faid;
Let fea, and air, and earth, and heav'n be made:
And it was fo——And when he fhall ordain
In other fort, has but to fpeak again,
And they fhall be no more: of this great theme,
This glorious, hallow'd, everlafting name,
This God, I would difcours——

The learned elders fat appall'd, amaz'd;
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd.
Nor fpeech they meditate, nor answer frame:
Too plain, alas! their f Silence fpeak their fhame:
'Till one, in whom an outward mein appear'd,
And turn fuperior to the vulgar herd,
Began; that human learning's furtheft reach
Was but to note the doctrines I could teach;
That mine to fpeak, and their's was to obey:
For I in knowledge more, than pow'r did fway;
And the aftonifh'd world in me beheld
Mofes eclips'd, and Jelfe's fon excell'd.
Humble a fcond bow'd, and took the word;
Forefaw my name by future age ador'd.
O live, faid he, thou wifeft of the wife!
As none has equall'd, none fhall ever rife
Excelling thee——

Parent of wicked, bane of honeft deeds,
Pernicious flatt'ry! thy malignant feeds

In

In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand
 Sadly diffus'd o'er virtues gleby land,
 With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
 And choak the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
 Mute to my questions, in my praises loud,
 Echo'd the word: Whence things arose, or how
 They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:
 What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
 All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see.

My prophets, and my sophists finish'd here
 Their civil efforts of the verbal war:
 Not so my Rabbins, and logicians yield:
 Retiring still they combat: from the field
 Of open arms unwilling they depart,
 And skulk behind the subterfuge of art.
 To speak one thing mix'd dialects they join;
 Divide the simple, and the plain define;
 Fix'd fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
 Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
 Ill grounded maxims by false gloss enlarg'd,
 And captious science against reason charg'd.

Soon their crude notions with each other fought:
 The adverse sect deny'd, what this had taught;
 And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
 Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched impotence of human mind!
 We erring still excuse for error find;
 And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.

Vain man! since first thy blushing fire essay'd
 His folly with connected leaves to shade;
 How does the crime of thy resembling race
 With like attempt that pristine error trace?
 Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
 Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
 By masks of eloquence, and veils of pride?

With outward smiles their flatt'ry I receiv'd;
 Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;

But

But bent and inward to myself again
Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd; in vain.
My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd,
At length I ignorance, and knowledge view'd,
Impartial; both in equal balance laid:
Light flew the knowing scale; the doubtful heavy weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective reason I confess,
That human science is uncertain guess.
Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb;
Or who shall tell me, what is space or time?
In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
To what our maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast; the object faster flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitless search of something yet behind.
Various discussions tear our heated brain:
Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increases pain.

How narrow limits were to wisdom giv'n?
Earth she surveys: she thence would measure heav'n:
Thro' mists obscure, now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a day;
And from the summit of a pathless coast
Sees Infinite, and in that sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd desire to know,
Off-spring of Adam, was thy source of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit?
With empty labour and eluded strife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry Cherubs guard.

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

Vol. II.

M

The

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON again seeking happiness, enquires if wealth and greatness can produce it: Begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of music and feasting; and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shewn the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry; recovers his thought, reasons aright, and concludes, that as to the pursuit of pleasure, and sensual delight, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

TEXTS

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.

I said in my own heart, go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure. Ecclesiastes, Chap. ii. ver. 1.

I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards. ver. 4.

I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits. ver. 5.

I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees. ver. 6.

Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: And behold, all was vanity, and vexation of spirit; and there was no profit under the sun. ver. 11.

I gat me men-fingers and women-fingers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. ver. 8.

I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine (yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, 'till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under heaven, all the days of their life. ver. 3.

Then I said in my heart, as it happeneth unto the fool, so it happeneth even unto me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity. ver. 15.

T E X T S *chiefly alluded to in this Book.*

Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought
under the sun is grievours unto me. Chap. ii. ver. 27.

Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking
favour: so doth the little folly him that is in repu-
tation for wisdom and honour. Chap. x. ver. 1.

The memory of the just is blessed, but the memory of
the wicked shall rot, Proverbs, chap. x. ver. 7.

PLEASURE:

THE

SECOND BOOK.

TR Y then, O man, the moments to deceive;
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For weary'd nature find some apter scheme:
Health be thy hope; and pleasure be thy theme:
From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where study brings thee; from the endless maze,
Which doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd recede;
To the gay field, and flow'ry path, that lead
To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
For sake what may instruct, for what may please:
Essay amusing art, and proud expence;
And make thy reason subject to thy sense.

I commun'd thus: the power of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of costly pride.
Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours:
I founded palaces, and planted bow'rs.
Birds, fishes, beasts of each exotick kind
I to the limits of my court confin'd.
To trees transfer'd I gave a second birth;
And bid a foreign shade grace Judah's earth.

Fish-ponds were made, where former forests grew;
 And hills were levell'd to extend the view.
 Rivers diverted from their native course,
 And bound with chains of artificial force,
 From large cascades in pleasing tumult roll'd;
 Or rose thro' figur'd stone, or breathing gold.
 From furthest Africa's tormented womb
 The marble brought erects the spacious dome;
 Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
 On which the planted grove, and pensile garden grows.

The workmen here obey the master's call,
 To gild the turret, and to paint the wall;
 To mark the pavement there with various stone;
 And on the jasper steps to rear the throne:
 The spreading Cedar, that an age had stood,
 Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood.
 Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns;
 And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.

A thousand artists shew their cunning pow'r,
 To raise the wonders of the iv'ry tow'r.
 A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
 To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
 'Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
 That on her coast the Murex is no more;
 'Till from the Parian isle, and Lybia's coast,
 The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
 And India's woods return their just complaint,
 Their brood decay'd, and want of Elephant.

My full design with vast expence achiev'd,
 I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd.
 I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste:
 For, the work perfected, the joy was past.

To my new courts sad thought did still repair;
 And round my gilded roofs hung how'ring care.
 In vain on silken beds I sought repose;
 And restless oft' from purple couches rose:
 Vexatious thought still found my flying mind,
 Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;

Haunt

Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd thro' my gardens, and pursu'd my ways,
Nor shut from artful bow'r, nor lost in winding maze. }

Yet take thy bent, my soul; another sense

Indulge; add music to magnificence:

Essay, if harmony may grief control;

Or pow'r of sound prevail upon the soul,

Often our seers and poets have confess'd,

That music's force can tame the furious beast;

Can make the wolf, or foaming boar restrain

His rage; the lion drop his crested mane,

Attentive to the song; the lynx forget

His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.

Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?

Else music sure may human cares appease.

I spake my purpose; and the chearful choir

Parted their shares of harmony: the lyre

Softened the timbrel's noise: the trumpet's sound

Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter sound

When mix'd :) the fife the viol's notes refin'd;

And ev'ry strength with ev'ry grace was join'd.

Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay:

Of opening heav'n they sung, and gladsome day,

Each evening their repeated skill express'd

Scenes of repose, and images of rest:

Yet still in vain: for music gather'd thought:

But how unequal the effects it brought

The soft ideas of the chearful note,

Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot.

The solemn violence of the graver sound

Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.

And now reflecting, I with grief descry

The sickly lust of the fantastick eye;

How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,

Flying e're night what it at noon enjoy'd.

And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found

The sickle ear soon glutted with the sound,

Con-

Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.

I bad the virgins and the youth advance;
To temper music with the sprightly dance.
In vain! too low the mimic-motions seem:
What takes our heart, must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part;
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And vex'd I found, that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.

I drank: I lik'd it not: 'twas rage; 'twas noise;
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted, that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul:
To the late revel, and protracted feast
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest;
And as at dawn of morn fair reason's light
Broke thro' the fumes and phantoms of the night;
What had been said, I ask my soul, what done;
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun?
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly croud,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.

Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which once elanc'd must ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust, and fierce debate;
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
Of health suppress'd, by wine's continu'd force.

Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage
To diff'rent ills alternately engage.
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor fees,
That melancholy sloath, severe disease,
Mem'ry confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbinger's, lye latent in the draught:
And in the flow'rs that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poys'nous serpents roll.

Remains there ought untry'd, that may remove
Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom?—Love
Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire,
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
This last great remedy's mysterious pow'r.

Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast?
Why ceases it one moment to be blest?
Fly swift, my friends; my servants, fly; employ
Your instant pains to bring your master joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dress'd:
Let them to night attend the royal feast;
All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair,
The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war.
Before their monarch they shall singly pass;
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace.

I said: the feast was serv'd: the bowl was crown'd;
To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round:
The women came; as custom wills, they pass:
On one (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast
The fav'rite glance: O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the virgin was of Egypt's race:
Grace shap'd her limbs; and beauty deck'd her face:
Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air:
Full, tho' unzon'd, her bosom rose: her hair
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd;
And in the jetty curls ten thousand cupids play'd.

} Fix'd

Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love;
 Aid me my friends, contribute to improve
 Your monarch's bliss, I said; fresh roses bring
 To strow my bed; 'till the improv'ish'd spring
 Confess her want; around my am'rous head
 Be dropping myrrh, and liquid amber shed,
 Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,
 Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require
 Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph, draw nigh;
 Thou, in whole graceful form, and potent eye
 Thy master's joy long fought at length is found;
 And as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd;
 O fav'rite virgin, that hast warm'd the breast,
 Whose sov'reign dictates subjugate the east!

I said; and sudden from the golden throne
 With a submissive step I hasted down.
 The glowing garland from my hair I took;
 Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
 Prepar'd to place it on her comely head;
 O fav'rite virgin (yet again I said)
 Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow;
 And O above thy fellows happy thou!
 Their duty must thy sov'reign word obey,
 Rise up, my love; my fair one, come away.

What pang, alas! what ecstasy of smart
 Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart;
 When she with modest scorn the wreath return'd,
 Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd?

Forc'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,
 Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest:
 And sullen I forsook the imperfect feast:
 Ordering the Eunuchs, to whose proper care
 Our eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
 To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bow'r,
 And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour.

Reckless I follow'd this obdurate maid,
 (Swift are the steps that love and anger tread:)

Approach'd

Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repeated my disgrace :
By turns put on the suppliant and the lord ;
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd ;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.

Averse to all her am'rous king desir'd,
Far as she might, she decently retir'd ;
And darting scorn, and sorrow from her eyes,
What means, said she, king Solomon the wife ?

This wretched body trembles at your pow'r :
Thus far could fortune ; but she can no more.
Free to herself my potent mind remains ;
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.

'Tis said, that thou can'st plausibly dispute,
Supreme of seers, of angel, man, and brute ;
Can'st plead, with subtil wit and fair discourse,
Of passion's folly, and of reason's force.

That to the tribes attentive thou can'st show,
Whence their misfortunes, or their blessings flow.

That thou in science, as in pow'r art great ;
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.

Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With just advice, and timely counsel fraught ?

Where now, O judge of Israel, does it rove ?

What in one moment dost thou offer ? Love——

Love ? why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife :

'Tis all the colour of remaining life :

And haman mis'ry must begin or end,

As he becomes a tyrant, or a friend.

Would David's son, religious, just, and grave.

To the first bride-bed of the world receive

A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave ?

Or grant, thy passion has these names destroy'd ;

That love, like death, makes all distinction void ;

Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast,

His flames and torments only are exprest :

His

His rage can in my smiles alone relent ;
And all his joys solicit my consent.

Soft love, spontaneous tree, it's parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot :
Whilst each delighted, and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstacy, which each receives :
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy it grows :
It's chearful buds their opening bloom disclose ;
And round the happy soil diffusive odor flows.
If angry fate that mutual care denies ;
The fading plant bewails it's due supplies :
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd :
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ :
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield ;
Nor reap the harvest, tho' thou spoil'st the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway ;
Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey :
But wilful love thou must with smiles appease ;
Approach his awful throne by just degrees ;
And if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.

Not that those arts can here successful prove :
For I am destin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal, in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave: I his receiv'd :
Each swore with truth : with pleasure each believ'd.
The mutual contract was to heav'n convey'd :
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
It's solemn force, and clap'd their wings, and spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.

Now in my heart behold thy poynard stain'd :
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd :
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill-star'd passion, and my steadfast hate.

For long as blood informs these circling veins ;
Or fleeting breath it's latest pow'r retains ;
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful god's declare,
Hate is my part : be thine, O king, despair. 79

Now strike, she said, and open'd bare her breast :
Stand it in Judah's chronicles confest,
That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd.

Asham'd, confus'd I started from the bed ;
And to my soul yet uncollected said :
Into thyself, fond Solomon, return ;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have pleasure sought ;
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught ;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's pow'r, and is deny'd.

Am I a king, great heav'n ! does life or death
Hang on the wrath, or mercy of my breath ;
While kneeling I my servants smiles implore ;
And one mad damsel dares dispute my pow'r ?

To ravish her ? that thought was soon depress'd,
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back ? O whither, and to whom ?
To lands where Solomon must never come ;
To that insulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, disdain'g me, she keeps her charms.

Fantastic tyrant of the am'rous heart ;
How hard thy yoke ! how cruel is thy dart !
Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway ;
And those are punish'd most, who most obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater pow'r :
What can'st thou covet, or how triumph more ?
Why then, O love, with an obdurate ear
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's pray'r ?
Why to some simple shephard does she run,
From the fond arms of David's fav'rite son ?

Why

Why flies she from the glories of a court,
 Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
 To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
 Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow,
 Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
 And household cares suppress thy genial fires?

Too aptly the afflicted heathens prove
 The force, while they erect the shrines of love.
 His mystic form the artizans of Greece
 In wounded stone, or molten gold express:
 And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow:
 Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow;
 A quiver by his side sustains a store
 Of pointed darts; sad emblems of his pow'r;
 A pair of wings he has, which he extends
 Now to be gone; which now again he bends
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.
 Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd,
 Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid:
 I felt him strike; and now I see him fly:
 Curs'd Dæmon! O! for ever broken lie
 Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed!
 O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed!
 Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing;
 Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
 The damsel back, and save the love-sick king.

My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
 Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
 I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd;
 Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd:
 'Till hopeless plung'd in an abyss of grief,
 I from necessity receiv'd relief:
 Time gently aided to assuage my pain;
 And wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.

But O how short my interval of woe!
 Our griefs how swift; our remedies how slow!
 Another nymph (for so did heav'n ordain,
 To change the manner, but renew the pain)

Another

Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my foster hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand ;
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
To grace my presence : Abra went the last :
Abra was ready e're I call'd her name ;
And tho' I call'd another, Abra came.

Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal ;
And laughing gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye ;
'Till more appris'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.

The sun declin'd had shot his western ray ;
When tir'd with bus'ness of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bow'rs.
I call'd, before I sat, to wash my hands :
For so the precept of the law commands.
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.

With awful homage, and submissive dread
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils : She trembled as she pour'd ;
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer face : And now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide a sudden sigh.
And whence, said I, canst thou have dread, or pain ?
What can thy imagin'd sorrow mean ?

Secluded from the world, and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear ?
For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger, or receiv'd his dart,

Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke :
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.

If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care :

O! while

O! while she tells it, let him not put on
 The look, that awes the nations from the throne;
 O! let not death severe in glory lie
 In the king's frown, and terror of his eye.

Mine to obey; thy part is to ordain:
 And tho' to mention, be to suffer pain:
 If the king smiles, whilst I my woe recite;
 If weeping I find favour in his sight;
 Flow fast my tears, full rising his delight.

O! witness earth beneath, and heav'n above;
 For can I hide it? I am sick of love:
 If madness may the name of passion bear;
 Or love be call'd, what is indeed despair.

Thou sov'reign pow'r, whose secret will controuls
 The inward bent and motion of our souls!
 Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
 Between the cause and cure of my disease?
 The mighty object of that raging fire,
 In which unpity'd Abra must expire,
 Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir;
 The lowing herd, or fleecy sheep his care;
 At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
 Scornful of winter's frost, and summer's sun,
 Still asking, where he made his flock to rest at noon.
 For him at night, the dear expected guest,
 I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;
 And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
 Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain;
 Wav'ring, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear;
 Till he and joy together should appear;
 And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
 On my declining neck, and open breast,
 I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest;
 And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
 With softest care have stol'n my arm away;
 To rise, and from the fold releas'd the sheep,
 Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

Or if kind heav'n propitious to my flame
(For sure from heav'n the faithful ardor came)
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of pow'r:
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.

Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comliest of the sons of men;
To hear the charming poet's am'rous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue;
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south;
Likening his grace, his person, and his mein
To all that great or beautiful I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red,
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;
Even his teeth, and white, like a young flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and blanching on the sunny rock.
Iv'ry with sapphirs interspers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of polish'd marble firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet.
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Strait as the palmtree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrhe are on his garments shed:
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
And blessings stamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
 O foolish maid ! and O unhappy tale !
 My suff'ring heart for ever shall defy
 New wounds, and danger from a future eye.
 O ! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
 The wretched mem'ry of my former pain,
 The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.

As time, I said, may happily efface
 That cruel image of the king's disgrace ;
 Imperial reason shall resume her seat ;
 And Solomon once fall'n, again be great.
 Betray'd by passion, as subdu'd in war,
 We wisely should exert a double care,
 Nor never ought a second time to err.

This Abra then——

I saw her ; 'twas humanity : it gave
 Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
 Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true ;
 And generous pity to that truth was due.
 Well I intreated her, who well deserv'd ;
 I call'd her often ; for she always serv'd.
 Use made her person easy to my sight ;
 And ease insensibly produc'd delight.

When e'er I revell'd in the women's bow'rs ;
 (For first I sought her but at looser hours :)
 The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet :
 The cake she kneaded was the fav'ry meat :
 But fruits their odor lost, and meats their taste ;
 If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
 Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
 Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand :
 And when the virgin's form'd the evening choir,
 Raising their voices to the master-lyre ;
 Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill ;
 One show'd too much, and one too little skill :
 Nor could my soul approve the music's tone ;
 'Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.

Fairer

Fairer she seem'd, distinguish'd from the rest ;
And better mein disclos'd, as better dress'd.
A bright Tiara round her forehead ty'd,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride :
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast,
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd :
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm ;
And ev'ry gem augmented ev'ry charm.
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd ;
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

And now I could behold, avow, and blame
The several follies of my former flame ;
Willing my heart for recompence to prove
The certain joys that lye in prosp'rous love.
For what, said I, from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe ?
The Dam'sel's sole ambition is to please :
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease :
She sooths, but never can enthrall my mind ;
Why may not peace and love for once be join'd ?

Great heav'n ! how frail thy creature man is made !
How by himself insensibly betray'd !
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r ;
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way ;
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind ;
And give our conduct to the waves and wind :
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl ;
And smiling see the nearer waters roll ;
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise ;
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies ;
And swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn :

Round our devoted heads the billows beat ;
And from our troubl'd view the lessen'd lands retreat.

O mighty love ! from thy unbounded pow'r
How shall the human bosom rest secure ?
How shall our thought avoid the various snare ?
Or wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
The diff'rent shapes thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy ?

The haughty nymph in open beauty drest,
To-day encounters our unguarded breast :
She looks with majesty, and moves with state:
Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
She scorns the world, and dares the rage of fate.

Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride ;
Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
We praise her mind, the image of our own.
She that can please, is certain to persuade :
To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
We think we see thro' reason's optics right ;
Nor find, how beauty's rays elude our sight :
Struck with her eye whilst we applaud her mind ;
And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.

To-morrow, cruel pow'r, thou arm'st the fair
With flowing sorrow, and dishevel'd hair :
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
Here gen'rous softness warms the honest breast :
We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd :
And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief ;
- Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief :
We sicken soon from her contagious care ;
Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair ;
And against love too late those bosoms arm,
Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.

Against this nearest cruelest of foes,
What shall wit meditate, or force oppose ?

Whence

Whence, feeble nature, shall we summon aid?
If by our pity, and our pride betray'd?
External remedy shall we hope to find,
When the close fiend has gain'd our treach'rous mind?
Insulting there does reason's pow'r deride;
And blind himself, conducts the dazl'd guide?

My conqueror now, my lovely Abra held
My freedom in her chains: my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone: in her alone
It fought it's peace and joy: while she was gone,
It sigh'd, and griev'd, impatient of her stay:
Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief away:
Her absence made the night: her presence brought
the day.

The ball, the play, the mask by turns succeed,
For her I make the song: the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each shape and dress,
That luxury may form, or thought express.

To-day beneath the palm-tree on the plains
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns;
The wreath denoting conquest guides her brow:
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic chorus sings her prosp'rous hand;
As she had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.

To-morrow she approves a softer air;
Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war;
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes;
And from the village with the present comes;
The youthful band depose their glitt'ring arms;
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms;
Whilst I assume my father's step and mein,
To meet with due regard my future queen.

If happy Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chace the flying hind;
Soon as the sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.
In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait,

'Till Abra comes. She comes : a milk-white steed,
 Mixture, of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
 Sustains the nymph : her garments flying loose
 (As the Sydonian maids, or Thracian use)
 And half her knee, and half her breast appear,
 By art, like negligence, disclos'd, and bare.
 Her left hand guides the hunting courser's flight ;
 A silver bow she carries in her right :
 And from the golden quiver at her side,
 Ruffles the ébon arrow's feather'd pride.
 Saphirs and diamonds on her front display
 An artificial moon's encreasing ray.
 Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
 The fav'rite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.
 Her, as the present goddess, I obey :
 Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
 The mingl'd chorus sings Diana's fame :
 Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
 Her mystic praise : the vocal triumphs bound
 Against the hills : the hills reflect the sound.

If tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
 To the large fish-pools, or the glassy floods
 Her mind to-morrow points ; a thousand hands
 To-night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
 Upon the watry beach an artful pile
 Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle.
 A golden chariot in the midst is set ;
 And silver cygnets seem to feel it's weight.
 Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
 In semblance of the Græcian Venus known :
 Tritons and sea-green Nairs round her move ;
 And sing in moving strains the force of love ;
 Whilst asth' approaching pageant does appear ;
 And echoing crouds speak mighty Venus near :
 I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
 Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
 With arms and hopes extended, to receive
 The fancy'd goddess rising from the wave.

O subject reason ! O imperious love !
Whither yet further would my folly rove ?
Is it enough, that Abra should be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat ?
That masking habits, and a borrow'd name
Contrive to hide my plentitude of shame ?
No, no ! Jerusalem combin'd must see
My open fault, and regal infamy.
Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast :
Abra invites : the nation is the guest.
To have the honour of each day sustain'd,
The woods are travers'd ; and the lakes are drain'd :
Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's are explor'd :
The edible creation decks the board :
Hardly the Phœnix 'scapes ———
The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,
To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise.
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
In lying strains, and ignominious verse ;
While from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent love from public eyes should hide ;
I show her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart, and part'ner of my throne.
And now her friends and flatt'ers fill the court :
From Dan, and from Beersheba they resort :
They barter places, and dispose of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants.
They teach her to recede, or to debate ;
With toys of love to mix affairs of state ;
By practis'd rules her empire to secure ;
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
They gave, and she transfer'd the curs'd advice,
That monarchs should their inwards soul disguise,
Dissemble, and command ; be false, and wise ;
By ignominious arts for servile ends
Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.
And now I leave the true and just supports
Of legal princes, and of honest courts,

Barzillai's, and the fierce Benaiah's heirs ;
 Whose fires, great part'ners in my father's cares,
 Saluted their young king at Hebron crown'd,
 Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
 And now, unhappy council, I prefer
 Those whom my follies only make me fear,
 Old Corah's brood, and taunting Shimei's race ;
 Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace ;
 Tho' they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd him to his
 face. }

Still Abra's pow'r, my scandal still increas'd ;
 Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd :
 Her will alone could settle or revoke ;
 And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.

Israel neglected, Abra was my care :
 I only acted, thought, and liv'd for her.
 I durst not reason with my wounded heart,
 Abra possess'd ; she was it's better part.
 O ! had I now review'd the famous cause,
 Which gave my righteous youth so just applause ;
 In vain on the dissembl'd mother's tongue
 Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung ;
 And real care in vain, and native love
 In the true parent's panting breast had strove ;
 While both deceiv'd had seen the destin'd child
 Or slain, or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.

Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
 A lifeless king, a royal shade I lay.
 Unhear'd the injur'd orphans now complain :
 The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
 Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file ;
 And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
 No more the elders throng around my throne,
 To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
 No more the young nobility were taught,
 How Moses govern'd, and how David fought,
 Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay ;
 Or lost in drink, and game, the solid day :

Porches and schools, design'd for public good,
Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
Or nodded, threatening rain——

Half pillars wanted their expected height
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
The artists grieve; the lab'ring people droop :
My father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temple lies unfinish'd——

The wise and grave deplor'd their monarch's fate,
And future mischiefs of a sinking state.
Is this, the serious said, is this the man,
Whose active soul thro' every science ran ?
Who by just rule and elevated skill
Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill ?
Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
On large Phylacteries expressive writ.
Were to the foreheads of the Rabbins ty'd,
Our youths instruction, and our ages pride ?
Could not the wise his wild desires restrain ?
Then was our hearing, and his preaching vain :
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault ?

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay,
As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay ;
Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
And charms superior to their master's fame :
Laughing some praise the king, who let 'em see,
How aptly luxe and empire might agree :
Some glois'd, how love and wisdom were at strife ;
And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
However, friend, here's to the king, one cries :
To him who was the king, the friend replies.
The king, for Judah's, and for wisdom's curse,
To Abra yields : could I, or thou do worse ?
Our looser lives let chance or folly steer ;
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair ;
And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air ;

Let

Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
 Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
 Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow :
 Thought brings the weight, that sinks the soul to woe.
 Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
 And added to the thousand he has made.

Sadly, O reason, is thy pow'r express'd,
 Thou gloomy tyrant of the frightened breast!
 And harsh the rules, which we from thee receive :
 If for our wisdom we our pleasure give ;
 And more to think be only more to grieve.
 If Judah's king at thy tribunal try'd,
 Forsakes his joy to vindicate his pride ;
 And changing sorrows I am only found [bound.
 Loos'd from the chains of love, in thine more strictly

But do I call thee tyrant, or complain,
 How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign ?
 While thou, alas ! are but an empty name,
 To no two men, whoe'er discours'd, the same ;
 The idle product of a troubled thought,
 In borrow'd shapes, and airy colours wrought ;
 A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade ;
 A chain which man to fether man has made,
 By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd.

Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
 Whence ever I thy cruel essence bring,
 I own thy influence ; for I feel thy sting.
 Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
 Form'd to command, and destin'd to controul.
 Yes ; thy insulting dictates shall be heard :
 Virtue for once shall be her own reward :
 Yes ; rebel Israel, this unhappy maid
 Shall be dismiss'd : the crowd shall be obey'd :
 The king his passion, and his rule shall leave,
 No longer Abra's, but the people's slave,
 My coward soul shall bear it's wayward fate :
 I will, alas ! be wretched, to be great ;
 And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state.

I said :

I said : resolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once so far, as to expect relief
For my despair alone——

I chose to write the thing I durst not speak,
To her I lov'd ; to her I must forsake.
The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove,
How inconsistent majesty, and love.
I always should, it said, esteem her well ;
But never see her more ; it bid her feel
No future pain for me ; but instant wed
A lover more proportion'd to her bed ;
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the just duties of an humble wife.

She read ; and forth to me she wildly ran,
To me, the ease of all her former pain.
She kneel'd, intreated, struggl'd, threaten'd, cry'd ;
And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd :
'Till now deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my presence torn,
This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd
From wealth, from pow'r, from love, and from the world.

Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
What diff'rent sorrows did within thee roll :
What pangs, what fires, what racks didst thou sustain,
What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain ?
How oft from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love ?
How oft, all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms ?
How oft, with sighs, view'd every female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace ?
How oft desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
And live in shades with her and love alone ?
How oft, all night, pursu'd her in my dreams,
O'er flow'ry valleys, and thro' crystal streams ;

And

And waking, view'd with grief, the rising sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone?

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love
In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove ;
At length they broke their bounds: at length their force
Bore down whatever met it's stronger course :
Lay'd all the civil bonds of manhood waste ;
And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.

So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow, and swelling rain ;
Till their full stores their antient bounds disdain ;
Precipitate the furious torrent flows :
In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose :
Towns, forests, herds, and men promiscuous drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground ;
The echo'd woes from distant rocks resound.

And now what impious ways my wishes took ;
How they the monarch, and the man forsook ;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Thro' crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill ;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
By turns my prostituted bed receives.
Thro' tribes of women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient ; lik'd to-night, to-morrow chang'd ;
And by the instinct of capricious lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust :
O, be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd !
O, be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion, and eternal shade !
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure belief,
That vice engenders shame ; and folly broods o'er grief.
Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease I lay :
The night I revell'd ; and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires ;
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.

By

By it's own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
It's wonted stores, and old ideas find.
Fix'd judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or set the false aside.
No longer does swift mem'ry trace the cells,
Where springing wit, or young invention dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails:
Patience of toil, and love of virtue fails.
By sad degrees impair'd my vigor dies;
Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway:
They ask; I grant: they threaten; I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride.
Now with the looser Syrian dance, and sing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire;
And shape my foolishness to their desire.
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail;
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress;
And serve her god, whose person I caress.

Where, my deluded sense, was reason flown?
Where the high majesty of David's throne?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living God inform'd my youth?
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods:
Osiris, Apis, pow'rs that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatt'rer for his food:
When in the woody hill's forbidden shade
I carv'd the marble, and invoc'd its aid:

When

When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
 Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;
 To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid;
 And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd:
 When to all beings sacred rites were giv'n;
 Forgot the arbiter of earth and heav'n.

Thro' these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
 Some seeds of light at length began to roll.
 The rising motion of an infant ray,
 Shot glimm'ring thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.
 And now one moment able to reflect,
 I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
 Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect.
 I found my subjects amicably join,
 To lessen their defects by citing mine.
 The priest with pity pray'd for David's race;
 And left his text to dwell on my disgrace.
 The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son,
 The sad examples which he ought to shun,
 Describ'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon.
 Each bard, each sire did to his pupil sing,
 A wise child better than a foolish king.

Into myself my reason's eye I turn'd;
 And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
 A mighty king I am, an earthly god:
 Nations obey my word, and wait my nod.
 I raise or sink, imprison or set free;
 And life or death depends on my decree.
 Fond the idea, and the thought is vain:
 O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign.
 Legions of lust, and various pow'rs of ill
 Insult the master's tributary will:
 And he, from whom the nations should receive
 Justice, and freedom, lies himself a slave,
 Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
 Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

O reason! once again to thee I call:
 Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.

Wisdom,

Wisdom, thou say'st, from heav'n receiv'd her birth:
Her beams transmitted to the subject earth.
Yet this great empress of the human soul
Does only with imagin'd pow'r controul;
If restless passion by rebellious sway
Compells the weak usurper to obey.

O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art!
Without thy poor advice the lab'ring heart
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone.

Oft have I said, the praise of doing well
Is to the ear, as ointment to the smell.
Now if some flies perchance, however small,
Into the alabaſter urn should fall;
The odors of the sweets inclos'd would die;
And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply.
So the least faults, if mixt with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed:
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.

Loſt Solomon! pursue this thought no more:
Of thy past errors recollect the store:
And silent weep, that while the deathless muse
Shall sing the just; shall o'er their head diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand; she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone; and to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps, and poisons on thy name. }

Awaking therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women, and their gods aſham'd,
From this abyſs of exemplary vice
Reſolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to riſe;
Again I bid the mournful goddeſs write
The fond purſuit of fugitive delight:
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And rais'd from earth, and ſav'd from paſſion, ſing
Of human hope by croſs event deſtroy'd,
Of uſeleſs wealth, and greatneſs unenjoy'd,
Of luſt and love, with their fantaſtic train,
Their wiſhes, ſmiles, and looks deceitful all, and vain.

POWER:

THE

THIRD BOOK.

The ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON considers man through the several stages and conditions of life; and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that All is Vanity. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel, what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, 'till the redemption of Israel: and, upon the whole, resolves to quit his enquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

TEXTS

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Ecclesiastes, chap. xii. ver. 6.

The sun ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose. Ecclesiastes, chap. i. ver. 5.

The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north. It whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again according to his circuit. ver. 6

All the rivers run into the sea: yet the sea is not full. Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again. ver. 7.

Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Ecclesiastes, chap. xii. ver. 7.

Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering, and the sacrifices, and the glory of the Lord filled the house. II Chronicles, chap. vii. ver. 1.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea we wept, when we remembered Sion, &c. Psalm. cxxxvii. ver. 1.

I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it? Ecclesiastes, chap. ii. ver. 2.

TEXTS chiefly alluded to in this Book.

—No man can find out the work that God maketh,
from the beginning to the end. Ecclesiastes, chap. iii.
ver. 11.

Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever : nothing
can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it : and
God doeth it, that men should fear before him. vir. 14.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter : fear
God, and keep his commandments ; for this is the
whole duty of man. Ecclesiastes, chap. xii. ver. 13.

P O W E R :

T H E

T H I R D B O O K.

C O M E then, my soul : I call thee by that name,
Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am :
For knowing that I am, I know thou art ;
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
But how thou cam'st to be, or whence thy spring :
For various of thee priests and poets sing.

Hear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some sep'rate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect, which nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet ;
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of instinct more than choice of will ;
Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain ;
Who as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth doth flourish, and with age shalt fail ;
'Till mingl'd with thy part'ner's latestt breath
Thou fly'st, dissolv'd in air, and lost in death.

Or if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime ; of heav'nly fire

Wer't thou a spark struck off, a sep'rate ray,
 Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay;
 With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
 To grieve it's frailties, and it's pains to feel;
 To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame;
 Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame:
 To guide it's actions with informing care,
 In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
 Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
 As fits the various course of human age;
 Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
 The captive breaks her prison's mouldring walls;
 Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
 Which now the pile, or sepulchre contains;
 And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
 Impatient to regain her native skies.

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go:
 (Points which we rather may dispute, than know)
 Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
 Which for thy sake from passions I divest:
 For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
 Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life:
 Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
 As temp'rance wills, and prudence may persuade;
 Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
 Guided to what may great or good appear;
 And try if life be worth the liver's care.

Amass'd in man there justly is beheld
 What thro' the whole creation has excell'd:
 The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
 The angel's forecast and intelligence:
 Say from these glorious feeds what harvest flows;
 Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
 In it's true light let clearest reason see
 The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;
 Helpless and naked on a woman's knees
 To be expos'd or rear'd as she may please;
 Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease.

His tender eye by two direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;
His heart assaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young sense how various forms appear;
That strike his wonder, and excite his fear?
By his distortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears, and by his sighs complains;
Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
By broken words, and rudiments of speech,
His wants in plainer characters to show,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe.
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
To babling ign'rance, and to empty fears;
To pass the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded stage;
To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,
To open dangers, and to secret snares;
To malice which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill:
Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who in the scorner's, or the judge's seat
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or would he rather leave this frantic scene;
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men?
In the remotest wood and lonely grott
Certain to meet that worst of evils, thought;
Diff'rent ideas to his mem'ry brought:
Some intricate, as are the pathless woods;
Impetuous some, as the descending floods:
With anxious thoughts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn;
He hears the echoing rock return his sighs;
And from himself the frightened hermit flies.

Thus thro' what path foe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love:

Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
 Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
 Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
 Our troubl'd thoughts to distant prospects leap;
 Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake:
 For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
 But looking back, we see the dreadful train
 Of woes, a-new which were we to sustain,
 We should refuse to tread the path again.
 Still adding grief, still counting from the first;
 Judging the latest evils still the worst:
 And sadly finding each progressive hour
 Heighten their number, and augment their pow'r;
 Till by one countless sum of woes oppress'd,
 Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
 We find the vital springs relax'd and worn:
 Compell'd our common impotence to mourn,
 Thus, thro' the round of age, to childhood we re-
 turn;

Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
 We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
 Naked again we must to-morrow lye,
 Born to lament, to labour, and to dye.

Pass we the ills, which each man feels or dreads,
 The weight or fall'n, or hanging o'er our heads;
 The bear, the lyon, terrors of the plain,
 The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
 The frequent errors of the pathless wood,
 The giddy precipice, and the dang'rous flood:
 The noisome pest'lence, that in open war
 Terrible, marches thro' the mid-day air,
 And scatters death; the arrow that by night
 Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings it's flight;
 The billowing snow, and violence of the show'r,
 That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
 And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
 The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest,
 Canker or locust hurtful to infect

The

The blade ; while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year.

Pass we the slow disease, and subtil pain,
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain ;
The cruel stone, with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way ; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulse, and continu'd strife,
Weak'ning the wasted seats of irksome life ;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The sad experience of decay ; and age,
Herself the sorest ill ; while death, and ease,
Oft and in vain invoc'd, or to appease,
Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
From the vex'd patient, and the sickly bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelick, softest work of heav'n, draws near
To the cold shaking paralytick hand,
Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command,
Nor longer apt, or able to fulfil
The dictate's of it's feeble master's will.

Nought shall the psaltry, and the harp avail,
The pleasing song, or well repeated tale,
When the quick spirits their warm march forbear ;
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flow'ry hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the chrystal rill,
The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore,
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more ;
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
In wat'ry damps, or dim suffusion lye.
Day follows night ; the clouds return again
After the falling of the later rain :

But to the aged-blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude: he still must mourn
The sun, and moon, and ev'ry starry light
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.

Behold where age's wretched victim lies :
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes :

Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves :
 To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives ;
 And only by his pains, awaking finds he lives.

Loos'd by devouring time the silver cord
 Dissever'd lies : unhonour'd from the board
 The chrystal urn, when broken, is thrown by ;
 And apter utensils their place supply.
 These things and thou must share one equal lot ;
 Dye and be lost, corrupt and be forgot ;
 While still another, and another race
 Shall now supply, and now give up the place.
 From earth all came, to earth must all return ;
 Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.

But be the terror of these ills suppress'd :
 And view we man with health and vigour blest.
 Home he returns with the declining sun,
 His destin'd task of labour hardly done ;
 Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
 Again his travel for his bread to pay,
 And find the ill sufficient to the day.
 Hap'ly at night he does with horror shun
 A widow'd daughter, or a dying son :
 His neighbour's offspring he to-morrow sees ;
 And doubly feels his want in their increase :
 The next day, and the next he must attend
 His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
 In ev'ry act and turn of life he feels
 Public calamities, or household ills :
 The due reward to just desert refus'd :
 The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd :
 The judge corrupt, the long depending cause,
 And doubtful issue of misconstru'd laws :
 The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
 And violent will of the wrong-doing great :
 The venom'd tongue injurious to his fame,
 Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice reclaim.

Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
 Produc'd as atoms from their flutt'ring dance ?

Or higher yet their essence may we draw
From destin'd order, and eternal law?
Again, my muse, the cruel doubt repeat:
Spring they, I say, from accident, or fate?
Yet such, we find, they are, as can controul
The servile actions of our wav'ring soul;
Can fright, can alter, or can chain the will;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.

O fatal search! in which the lab'ring mind,
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain, one moment of release;
Hoping at least she may herself deceive,
Against experience willing to believe,
Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.

Happy the mortal man, who now at last
Has thro' his doleful vale of mis'ry past;
Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble shows
Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes.
He happier yet, who privileg'd by fate
To shorter labour, and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
But O! beyond description happiest he,
Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;
Who with bless'd freedom from the general doom
Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb.

Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks must
mourn;
And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.

" Yet in thy turn, thou frowning preacher, hear:
" Are not these general maxims too severe?
" Say: cannot pow'r secure it's owner's bliss?
" And is not wealth the potent fire of peace?
" Are victors bless'd with fame, or kings with ease?"

I tell

I tell thee, life is but one common care ;
And man was born to suffer, and to fear.

“ But is no rank, no station, no degree
“ From this contagious taint of sorrow free ? ”

None, mortal, none : yet in a bolder strain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain :
But hence, ye worldly, and prophane, retire :
For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd :
Ye still must covet life, and be deceiv'd :
Your very fear of death shall make ye try
To catch the shade of immortality ;
Wishing on earth to linger, and to save
Part of it's prey from the devouring grave ;
To those who may survive ye, to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of time and death ;
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building live.
False hope ! vain labour ! let some ages fly :
The dome shall moulder, and the volume dye :
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange
That all the parts of this great fabrick change ;
Quit their old station, and primæval frame ;
And lose their shape, their essence, and their name ?

Reduce the song: our hopes, our joys are vain :
Our lot is sorrow ; and our portion pain.

What pause from woe, what hopes from comfort
bring

The name of wise or great, of judge or king ?
What is a king ? a man condemn'd to bear
The public burden of the nation's care ;
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease ;
Now falls a victim to the people's ease :
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nourish'd in flatt'ry, and estrang'd from truth :
At home surrounded by a servile crowd,
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud :

Abroad

Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears;
His very state acknowledging his fears;
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
His secret terror of a thousand foes;
In war however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events, and fickle chance a slave:
Seeking to settle what for ever flies;
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.

But he returns with conquest on his brow;
Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow:
The captive generals to his carr are ty'd:
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and noise,
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back, in chains relate,
What may to-morrow be the victor's fate.
The spoils and trophies borne before him show,
National loss, and epidemic woe,
Various distress, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain;
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolve's portion, or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel, which he wears,
Wet with the soldier's blood, and widow's tears?

See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crowding round his gilded carr!
In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,
And full fruition of successful pow'r,
One moment and one thought might let him scan
The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.

Are the dire images of sad distrust,
And popular change, obscur'd a-mid the dust,
That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
Can the loud clarion, or shrill sife repel
The inward cries of care? can nature's voice
Plaintive be drown'd, or lessen'd in the noise;

Tho'

Tho' shouts as thunder loud afflict the air ;
 Stun the birds now releas'd, and shake the iv'ry chair ?
 Yon' crowd (he might reflect) yon' joyful crowd,
 Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,
 (Should fleeting vict'ry to the vanquish'd go ;
 Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe ;)
 Would for that foe with equal ardor wait
 At the high palace, or the crowded gate ;
 With restless rage would pull my statues down ;
 And cast the bras a-new to his renown.

O impotent desire of worldly sway !
 That I, who make the triumph of to-day,
 May of to-morrow's pomp one part appear,
 Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier !
 Then (vileness of mankind !) then of all these,
 Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
 Would one, alas ! repeat me good, or great ?
 Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate ?
 Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile carr,
 The victor's pastime, and the sport of war ;
 Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
 Or be so poor, to own he was my friend ?

Avails it then, O reason, to be wise ?
 To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes ?
 To know with more distinction to complain,
 And have superior sense in feeling pain ?

Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
 Where safe from time distinguish'd actions lie ;
 And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
 Or pleasure ever may with pow'r remain.

Adam, great Type, for whom the world was made,
 The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
 A charming wife; and air, and sea, and land,
 And all that move therein, to his command
 Render'd obedient : say, my pensive muse,
 What did these golden promises produce ?
 Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd :
 One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd :

Destin'd

Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
Where wounding thorns, and curst thistles grew.
E'er yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
Inclin'd to earth, his lab'ring sweat must flow :
His limbs must ake, with daily toils oppress'd ;
E'er long-wish'd night brings necessary rest :
Still viewing with regret his darling Eve,
He for her follies, and his own must grieve.
Bewailing still a-fresh their hapless choice ;
His ear oft frighted with the imagin'd voice
Of heav'n, when first it thunder'd ; oft his view
A-ghast, as when the infant light'ning flew ;
And the stern Cherub stopp'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
His younger son on the polluted ground,
First fruit of death, lies plaintiff of a wound
Giv'n by a brother's hand : His eldest birth
Flies, mark'd by heav'n, a fugitive o'er earth.
Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the fire,
Becomes nor man, nor angel to enquire.

Each age sinn'd on ; and guilt advanc'd with time :
The son still added to the father's crime ;
'Till God arose, and great in anger said :
Lo ! it repenteth me, that man was made.
Withdraw thy light, thou sun ! be dark, ye skies !
And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise !

The frighted angels heard th' Almighty Lord ;
And o'er the earth from wrathful viols pour'd
Tempests and storms, obedient to his word. }
Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
The guard of all, that he design'd to save.
Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood ;
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.

The winds fall silent ; and the waves decrease :
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace :
Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.

If

If on the backward world his views are cast;
 'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste.
 Present (sad prospect!) can he ought descry,
 But (what affects his melancholy eye)
 The beauties of the antient fabric lost,
 In chains of craggy hill, or length of dreary coast?
 While to high heav'n his pious breathings turn'd,
 Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
 When of God's image only eight he found
 Snatch'd from the wat'ry grave, and sav'd from nations
 drown'd;

And of three sons, the future hopes of earth,
 The seed, whence empires must receive their birth,
 One he foresees excluded heav'nly grace,
 And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race.

Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
 Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
 By blood and battles must his pow'r maintain,
 And slay the monarchs, e'er he rules the plain;
 Must deal just portions of a servile life
 To a proud handmaid, and a peevish wife;
 Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
 In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
 Must take his other child, his age's hope,
 To trembling Moriam's melancholy top,
 Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood;
 Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.

Moses beheld that God; but how beheld?
 The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
 And clouded in a deep abyss of light;
 While present, too severe for human sight,
 Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.
 The following days, and months, and years decreed
 To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
 His youth with wants and hardships must engage:
 Plots and rebellions must disturb his age.
 Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
 Prompter to sink the state, than he to save:

And

And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke.
His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd,
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;
And dy'd obedient to severest law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd land, he saw.

My father's life was one long line of care,
A scene of danger, and a state of war.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage
The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
Goliath's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.
Forlorn he must, and persecuted fly;
Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie;
And often ask, and be refus'd to die.

For ever, from his manly toils, are known
The weight of pow'r, and anguish of a crown.
What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes;
When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
When ev'ry object his offence revil'd,
The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd,
The parents sins impress'd upon the dying child?
What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd;
When the king's crime brought vengeance on the
land;

And the inexorable prophet's voice
Gave famine, plague, or war; and bid him fix his
choice?

He dy'd; and oh! may no reflection shed
It's poisonous venom on the royal dead:
Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd;
Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast:
Dying he added to my weight of care:
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir:
Left his unfinish'd murder to his son,
And Joab's blood intail'd on Judah's crown.
Young as I was, I hasten'd to fulfil
The cruel dictates of my parent's will.

Of his fair deeds a distant view I took ;
 But turn'd the tube upon his faults to look ;
 Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
 His care of right, his reverence to the laws :
 But could with joy his years of folly trace,
 Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace ;
 Could follow him, where'er he stray'd from good,
 And cite his sad example ; whilst I trod
 Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
 Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
 With smiles I could betray, with temper kill :
 Soon in a brother could a rival view ;
 Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
 In vain for life he to the altar fled :
 Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
 Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have fell ;
 But that my interest did my rage conceal.
 Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive ;
 Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
 Treaties, persuasions, sighs and tears are vain :
 With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain ;
 Join fraud to force, and policy to pow'r ;
 'Till of the destin'd fugitive secure,
 In solemn state to parricide I rise ;
 And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.
 Be witness to my tears, celestial muse !
 In vain I would forget, in vain excuse,
 Fraternal blood by my direction spilt ;
 In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt :
 The deed was acted by the subject's hand ;
 The sword was pointed by the king's command.
 Mine was the murder : it was mine alone ;
 Years of contrition must the crime atone :
 Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
 But from a long sincerity of grief.

With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
 Her love of truth superior to her art,

Already

Already the reflecting muse has trac'd
The mournful figures of my action past.
The pensive goddess has already taught,
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious ev'ry step, how gloomy ev'ry stage.
This course of vanity almost compleat,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the still shades of death: For dread and pain,
And grief will find their shafts elanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.

Yet tell me, frighted reason! what is death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath?
The utmost limit of a narrow span,
And end of motion, which with life began?
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires:
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost:
So vanishes our state: so pass our days:
So life but opens now, and now decays:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.

Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
Death only shews us what we knew was near.
With courage therefore view the pointed hour;
Dread not death's anger, but expect his pow'r;
Nor nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn;
But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.

Cautious thro' doubt; by want of courage, wise,
To such advice, the reas'ners still replies.

Yet measuring all the long continu'd space,
Ev'ry successive day's repeated race,
Since time first started from his pristine goal,
'Till he had reach'd that hour, wherein my soul
Join'd to my body swell'd the womb; I was,
(At least I think so) nothing: must I pass

Again to nothing, when this vital breath
 Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest, and death?
 Must the whole man, amazing thought! return
 To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
 And never shall those particles agree,
 That were in life this individual he?
 But sever'd, must they join the general mass;
 Thro' other forms, and shapes ordain'd to pass;
 Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
 Does that great word that gave him sense, ordain,
 That life shall never wake that sense again?
 And will no pow'r his sinking spirits save
 From the dark caves of death and chambers of the
 grave?

Each evening I behold the setting sun
 With downward speed into the ocean run:
 Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
 Exerts his vigour, and renews his pow'rs;
 Starts the bright race again: his constant flame
 Rises and sets, returning still the same.
 I mark the various fury of the winds:
 These neither seasons guide, nor order binds:
 They now dilate, and now contract their force:
 Various their speed, but endless is their course.
 From his first fountain and beginning ouze,
 Down to the sea each brook, and torrent flows:
 Tho' sundry drops or leave, or swell the stream;
 The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same.
 Still other waves supply the rising urns;
 And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.

Why then must man obey the sad decree,
 Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea?

A flow'r, that does with opening morn arise,
 And flourishing the day, at evening dies;
 A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
 The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
 A fire, whose flames thro' crackling stubble fly;
 A meteor shooting from the summer sky;

A bowl

A bowl a-down the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A Noon-tide shadow, and a mid-night dream:
Are emblems, which with semblance apt proclaim
Our earthly course: But, O my soul! so fast
Must life run off; and death for ever last?

This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd:
Else whence this hope, and terror of the mind?
Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
Reward or punishment, delight or pain?
Say: shall our relicks second-birth receive?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries;
Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead?
The spirit only from the body fled,
The grosser part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time destroy'd;
The soul, immortal substance, to remain,
Conscious of joy, and capable of pain?
And if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell;
Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat?
Find her rest endless, and her bliss compleat?
And while the buried man we idly mourn;
Do angels joy to see his better half return?
But if she has deform'd this earthly life
With murd'rous rapine, and seditious strife;
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driv'n
From the ætherial seat, and blissful heav'n,
In everlasting darkness must she lie,
Still more unhappy, that she cannot die?

Amid two seas on one small point of land
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd we stand:
On either side our thoughts incessant turn:
Forward we dread; and looking back we mourn.
Losing the present in this dubious haste;
And lost ourselves betwixt the future, and the past.

These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
 My reason stagg'ring, and my hopes oppress'd,
 Once more I said : Once more I will enquire,
 What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
 This flutt'ring motion, which we call the mind ?
 How does she act ? and where is she confin'd ?
 Have we the pow'r to guide her, as we please ?
 Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease ?
 We happiness pursue ; we fly from pain ;
 Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight is vain :
 And, while poor nature labours to be blest,
 By day with pleasure, and by night with rest ;
 Some stronger pow'r eludes our sickly will ;
 Dashes our rising hope with certain ill ;
 And makes us with reflective trouble see,
 That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.

That pow'r superior then, which rules our mind,
 Is his decree by human pray'r inclin'd.
 Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease ?
 And can our tears reverse his firm decrees ?
 Then let religion aid, where reason fails :
 Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales ;
 And let the silent sanctuary show,
 What from the babling schools we may not know,
 How man may shun, or bear his destin'd part of woe.
 What shall amend, or what absolve our fate ?

Anxious we hover in a mediate state,
 Betwixt infinity and nothing ; bounds,
 Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds
 Unequal thought ; whilst all we apprehend,
 Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end ;
 As our Creator deigns to be our friend.

I said—and instant bad the priests prepare
 The ritual sacrifice, and solemn pray'r.
 Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
 A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
 The artful youth proceed to form the choir ;
 They breath the flute, or strike the vocal wire.

The maids in comely order next advance;
They bear the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
Chanting by just return the holy song.
Along the choir in solemn state they pass;

———The anxious king came last.

The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid; and bowing at the altar low,
Father of heav'n! I said, and judge of earth!
Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
By whose kind pow'r and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that pow'r;
They move (alas! and live, and are no more:
Omni-scient master, omni-present king,
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.

Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempest cease;
Redeem my ship-wreck'd soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion, and deceitful lusts:
From storms of rage, and dang'rous rocks of pride,
Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) thro' the tide
Impetuous of this life: let thy command
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land.

If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
It hap'ly be thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe;
From Now, from instant Now, great Sire, dispel
The clouds that press my soul; from Now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from Now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre:
My open thought to joyous prospects raise;
And, for thy mercy, let me sing thy praise.
Or, if thy will ordains, I still shall wait
Some new Here-after, and a future state;

Permit

Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear;
And raise my mind superior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret lab'rinth of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful pow'r;
Still weeping hope, and wond'ring still adore.
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd:
And for thy justice, be thy name rever'd.

My pray'r scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder shakes the dome:
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence, and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day:
The sacred wood which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted glows—
Ambrosial odor, such as never flows
From Abra's gum, or the Sabæan rose,
Does round the air evolving scents diffuse:
The holy ground is wet with heav'nly dews:
Celestial musick (such Jessides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought thro' my admiring ear,
With ecstacy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear.
And lo! what sees my ravish'd eye? what feels
My wond'ring soul? an opening cloud reveals
An heav'nly form embody'd and array'd
With robes of light. I heard: the angel said:
Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief,
From daily trouble, and continu'd grief.
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind:
Suppress thy passions; and prepare thy mind.
Free and familiar with misfortune grow:
Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe.
By weak'ning toil, and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease; and hasten to thy tomb.
Leave to thy children tumult, strife and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care.

Send

Send the successive ills thro' ages down ;
And let each weeping father tell his son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.

The child to whose success thy hope is bound,
E'er thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd ;
To lust of arbitrary sway inclin'd,
(That cursed poison to the prince's mind !)
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And lose his great defence, his people's love.
Ill counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd.
Shall sigh, the king diminish'd, and the crown
With lessen'd rays descending to his son.
Shall see the wreaths, his grandfire knew to reap
By active toil, and military sweat,
Pining incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honours from his giddy head.
By arms, or pray'r, unable to assuage
Domestic horror, and intestine rage,
Shall from the victor, and the vanquish'd fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear :
Shall cast his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with kindred-
blood.

Hence lab'ring years shall weep their destin'd race
Charg'd with ill omens ; sully'd with disgrace.
Time by necessity compell'd, shall go
Thro' scenes of war, and epocha's of woe.
The empire lessen'd in a parted stream,
Shall lose it's course——

Indulge thy tears : the heathen shall blaspheme :
Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame ;
And men shall from her ruins know her fame.

New Ægypt's yet, and second bonds remain,
A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
Again obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land.

Their

Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
Shall, on Euphrates' bank, renew the grief of Nile.

These pointed spires that wound the ambient sky,
Inglorious change! shall in destruction lye
Low, levell'd with the dust; their heights unknown,
Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
For lasting glory built, design'd the seat
Of kings for ever blest, for ever great,
Remov'd by the invader's barb'rous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant shall demand yon' sacred load
Of gold and vessels set apart to God,
Then by vile hands to common use debas'd;
Shall send them flowing round his drndken feast,
With sacriligious taunt, and impious jest.

Twice fourteen ages shall their way complete:
Empires by various turns shall rise and set:
While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know
A diff'rent master, and a change of woe:
With down-cast eye-lids, and with looks a-ghast,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.

Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the streams, where Babel's waters run;
Their harps upon the neigh'bring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor chearful dance their feet; with toil oppress'd,
Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
In the reflecting stream the sighing bride,
Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd shall hide
Her pensive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race:
While pond'rous fetters vex their close embrace.
With irksome anguish then your priests shall mourn
Their long-neglected feasts despair'd return,
And sad oblivion of their solemn days,
Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
Louder to weep. By day your frightened seers
Shall call for fountains to express their tears;

And wish their eyes were floods: by night from dreams
Of opening gulphs, black storms, and raging flames,
Starting amaz'd, shall to the people show
Emblems of heav'nly wrath, and mystic types of woe.

The captives, as their tyrant shall require,
That they should breath the song, and touch the lyre,
Shall say: can Jacob's servile race rejoice,
Untun'd the music, and disus'd the voice?
What can we play? (They shall discourse) how sing
In foreign lands, and to a barb'rous king?
We and our fathers from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve;
(Out-cast of mortal race!) can we conceive
Image of ought delightful, soft, or gay?
Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day;
The fullest bless our hearts aspire to know,
Is but some interval from active woe;
In broken rest, and startling sleep to mourn;
'Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge return.
Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
Our endless anguish does not nature claim?
Reason, and sorrow are to us the same.
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle folly was not pleasure's fire:
Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning laughter, and to frantick mirth.

This is the series of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine are born to know.
Illustrious wretch, repine not, nor reply:
View not, what heaven ordains, with reason's eye;
Too bright the object is: the distance is too high.
The man who would resolve the work of fate,
May limit number, and make crooked strait:
Stop thy enquiries then; and curb thy sense;
Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis God who must dispose, and man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.

Thy

Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil:
 What derogates from his command, is ill;
 And that alone is good, which centers in his will.

Yet that thy lab'ring senses may not droop,
 Lost to delight, and destitute of hope!
 Remark what I, God's messenger, aver
 From him, who neither can deceive, nor err.
 The land at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn;
 Shall from her sad captivity return.
 Sion shall raise her long-dejected head;
 And in her courts the law again be read.
 Again the glorious temple shall arise,
 And with new lustre pierce the neighb'ring skies.
 The promis'd seat of empire shall again
 Cover the mountain, and command the plain.
 And from thy race distinguish'd, One shall spring,
 Greater in act than victor, more than king
 In dignity and pow'r; sent down from heav'n,
 To succour earth. To Him, to Him 'tis giv'n,
 Passion, and care, and anguish to destroy.
 Thro' Him soft peace, and plentitude of joy
 Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow:
 No more may man inquire, or angel know.

Now, Solomon, remb'ring who thou art,
 Act thro' thy remnant life the decent part.
 Go forth: be strong: with patience, and with care
 Perform, and suffer: to thyself severe,
 Gracious to others; thy desires suppress'd,
 Diffus'd thy virtues; first of men, be best.
 Thy sum of duty let two words contain;
 O may they graven in thy heart remain!
 Be humble, and be just. The angel said:
 With upward speed his agile wings he spread;
 Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
 By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
 Or to object: at length (my mournful look
 Heav'n-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke:

Supreme,

Supreme, allwise, eternal potentate!
Sole author, sole disposer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light, and immortality,
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see!
Original of blessings! pow'r divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine:
Benign Creator, let thy plastic hand
Dispose it's own effect. Let thy command
Restore, Great Father, thy instructed son;
And in my act may Thy great Will be done.

THE
H I N D
AND THE
P A N T H E R
TRANSVERSED
To the STORY of the
COUNTRY-MOUSE,
AND THE
CITY-MOUSE.

*Much Malice mingled with a little Wit,
Hind and Panther.*

Nec vult PANTHERA domari.

Quæ Genus.

D U B L I N:

Printed in the Year M,DCC,LXVIII.

THE

and

AND THE

PANTHER

TRANSVERSED

To the STORY of the



COUNTY

CITY-MUSE

Printed in the Year M.DCC.LXVIII.

Printed in the Year M.DCC.LXVIII.

DUBLIN

Printed in the Year M.DCC.LXVIII.

T H E

P R E F A C E.*

TH E favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its defence, that the best things are capable of being turned to ridicule; that Homer has been burlesqued, and Virgil transversed without suffering any thing in their reputation from that buffoonery; and that in like manner, the Hind and Panther may be an exact poem, tho' it is the subject of our railery: But there is this difference, that those authors were wrested from their true sense, and this naturally falls into ridicule; there is nothing represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the original. First as to the general design, is it not as easy to imagine two Mice bilking Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Hermet's cell, discussing the greatest mysteries of religion, and telling you her son Rodriguez wrote very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the rules and examples of all fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest perfection in the Eastern countries; where they were wrote in signs and spoke in parables, and deliver'd the most useful precepts in delightful stories, which for their aptness were entertaining to the most judicious, and led the vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their novelty, and fixing their attention. All their fables carry a double meaning; the

* The references in this Critique, are made to the original quarto edition of the Hind and Panther.

P R E F A C E.

story is one and entire; the characters the same throughout, not broken or changed, and always conformable to the nature of the creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at his shadow lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of flesh is proper for him to drop, and the reader will apply it to Mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrowed plumes, look'd very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th chapters, which he stole from him. But this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the moral and the fable together.

Before the word was written, said the Hind, our Saviour preach'd the faith to all mankind.

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a Panther's bible? if you say he means the church, how does the church feed on lawns, or range the forrest? let it be always a church, or always the cloven-footed beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene every line. If it is absurd in comedies to make a peasant talk in the strain of a hero, or a country-wench use the language of the court; how monstrous is it to make a priest of a hind, and a parson of a panther, to bring them in disputing with all the formalities and terms of the schools? Tho' as to the arguments themselves these we confess, are suited to the capacity of the beasts, and if we would suppose a hind expressing herself about these matters, she would talk at that rate.

As to the absurdity of his expressions, there is nothing wrested to make them ridiculous, the terms are sometimes altered to make the blunder more visible; knowledge misunderstood, is not at all better sense than understanding misunderstood, tho' it is confess'd the author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bays himself to commit.

P R E F A C E.

It is hard to conceive how any man could censure the Turks for gluttony, a people that debauch in coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of rice, and keep the strictest lent, without the pleasures of a carnival to encourage them. But it is almost impossible to think that any man who had not renounced his senses, should read Duncomb for Allen. * He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a discourse of humility; to which he wisely answers, that the magnified piece of Duncomb's was translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible guide || affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a man fell into them, or at least what he aimed at; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen! do they so much as rhyme?

We may have this comfort under the severity of his satire, to see his abilities equally lessened with his opinion of us; and that he could not be a fit champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his judgment. But we must applaud his obedience to his new mother Hind; she disciplined him severely, she commanded him, it seems to sacrifice his darling fame, and to do it effectually, he published this learned piece.* This is the favourable construction we would put on his faults, tho' he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no imposition, but out of a natural propensity he has to malice, and a particular inclination of doing mischief. What else could provoke him to libel the court, blaspheme kings, abuse the whole Scotch nation, † rail at the greatest part of his own, and lay all the indignities imaginable on the only established religion? ‡ And we must now congratulate him in this felicity, that there is no sect or denomination of christians, whom he has not abused.

Thus far his arms have with success been crown'd.

* Difference betwixt a Protestant and Socinian, p. 62.

|| Ibid p. 92. * p. 90. † Pref. Hind Pan. ‡ p. 87.

P R E F A C E.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels look to themselves, he has already begun the war upon them. When once a conqueror grows thus dreadful, it is the interest of all his neighbours to oppose him, for there is no alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his friends, and like a second Almanzor, change sides merely to keep his hand in use. This heroic temper of his, has created him some enemies, that did by no means affect hostility; and he may observe this candour in the management, that none of his works are concerned in these papers, but his last piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of laughing at any persuasion, or making religion the subject of such a trifle, so that no man is here concerned, but the Author himself, and nothing ridiculed by his way of arguing.

But, gentlemen, if you will not take it so, you must grant my excuse is more reasonable than our author's to the dissenters.

THE
H I N D
AND THE
P A N T H E R
TRANSVERSED

To the S T O R Y of the
C O U N T R Y and the C I T Y M O U S E.

S C E N E the Devil-Tavern in Fleet-street.

Bays, Johnfon, Smith.

Johnf. **H**AH! my old friend Mr. Bayes, what lucky chance has thrown me upon you? Dear rogue, let me embrace thee.

Bayes. Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off, and come not within my sword's point, for if you are not come over to the Royal party, I expect neither fair war, nor fair quarter from you.*

Johnf. How, draw upon your friend? and assault your old acquaintance? O'my conscience, my intentions were honourable.

* Pref. to Hind and Panther. p. 1.

Bayes.

Bayes. Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let me have the marks of your conscience before I trust it, for if it be not of the stamp with mine, 'gad I may be knockt down for all your fair promises.*

Smith. Nay, prithee Bayes, what damn'd villany hast thou been about, that thou art under these apprehensions? upon my honour, I'm thy friend, yet thou lookest as sneaking and frightened, as a dog that has been worrying sheep.

Bayes. Ay Sir, the nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy, or I'gad to trust any body.†

Smith. But why this to us, my old friend, who you know never trouble our heads with national concerns, till the third bottle has taught us as much of politics, as the next does of religion?

Bayes. Ah gentlemen, leave this prophaneness, I am altered since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose talk now. Mr. Johnson, you are a man of parts, let me desire you to read the Guide of Controversy; and Mr. Smith, I would recommend to you the considerations on the council of Trent, and so gentlemen your humble servant—Good life be now my task.‡

Johns. Nay, faith, we won't part so: believe us, we are both your friends; let us step to the Rose for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old stories.

Bayes. I ever took you to be men of honour, and for your sakes, I will transgress as far as one pint.

Johns. Well, Mr. Bayes, many a merry bout have we had in this house, and shall have again, I hope: come, what wine are you for?

Bayes. Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my part he shall bring me a single pint of any thing.

Smith. How so, Mr. Bayes, have you lost your palate? you have been more curious.

* Pref. Ibid.

† p. Ibid.

‡ p. 5.
Bayes.

Bayes. True, I have so, but senses must be starved that the soul may be gratified. Men of your kidney make the senses the supreme judge*, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em aside.

Smith. What, is there not good eating and drinking on both sides? you make the separation greater than I thought it.

Bayes. No, no, whenever you see a fat rosy-colour'd fellow, take it from me, he is either a Protestant or a Turk.†

Johns. At that rate, Mr. Bayes, one might suspect your conversation; methinks thou hast as much the face of an Heretick as ever I saw.

Bayes. Such was I, such by nature still I am. But I hope ere long I shall have drawn this pamper'd paunch fitter for the strait gate.‡

Smith. Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your confessor gives you more severe rules than he practises; for not long ago a fat friar was thought a true character.

Bayes. Things were misrepresented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my writings; but since you have put me upon that subject, I'll shew you a thing I have in my pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

Smith. Come, now thou art like thyself again. Here's the king's health to thee——Communicate.

Bayes. Well, gentlemen, here it is, and I will be bold to say, the exactest piece the world ever saw, a Non Pareillo I faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your persuasion.

Johns. Use your liberty, Sir, you know we are no bigots.

Bayes. Why then you shall see me lay the Reformation on its back, I gad, and justify our religion by the way of fable.

* p. 21.

† p. *ibid.*

‡ p. 5.

Johnf. An apt contrivance indeed ! what do you make a fable of your religion !

Bayes. Ay I'gad, and without morals too ; for I tread in no man's steps ; and to shew you how far I can outdo any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken Horace's design, but I'gad, have so out done him, you will be ashamed for your old friend. You remember in him the story of the Country-Mouse, and the City-mouse ; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more life and spirit in it, I'gad, than a hobby-horse ; and his Mice talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like mere Mice, that I wonder it has pleased the world so long. But now will I undeceive mankind, and teach them to heighthen, and elevate a fable. I will bring you in the very same Mice disputing the depth of philosophy, searching into the fundamentals of religion, quoting Texts, Fathers, Councils, and all that I'gad, as you shall see either of them could easily make an ass of a country Vicar. Now whereas Horace keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general characters, and describe all the beasts of the creation ; there, I launch into the long digressions, and leave my Mice for twenty pages together, then I fall into raptures, and make the finest soliloquies as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you ?

Johnf. Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you ; all this about two Mice ?

Bayes. Ay, why not ? Is it not great and heroical ? but come, you'll understand it better when you hear it ; and pray, be as severe as you can, I'gad I defy all criticks, Thus it begins.

A milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd
Fed on soft cheese, and o'er the dairy rang'd ;
Without unspotted ; innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no ginn.

p. 1.

Johnf.

Johnf. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, soft cheese is a little too coarse diet for an immortal Mouse; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted Homer for some celestial provision.

Bayes. Faith, gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the latin one, which I have marked by me, and could not readily find it in the original.

Yet had she oft been scar'd by bloody claws p. 1.
Of winged owls, and stern Grimalkin's paws
Aim'd at her destin'd head, which made her fly, p. 2.
Tho' she was doom'd to death, and fated not to die.

Smith. How came she that feared no danger in the line before, to be scared in this, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why then you may have it chas'd if you will, for I hope a man may run away without being afraid, mayn't he?

Johnf. But pray give me leave; how was she doomed to death, if she was fated not to die? are not doom and fate much the same thing?

Bayes. Nay, gentlemen, if you question my skill in the language, I am your humble servant; the rogues the criticks, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the word, know best what I meant by it? I assure you, doom'd and fatal are quite different things.

Smith. Faith, Mr. Bayes, if you were doom'd to be hanged, whatever you were fated to, 'twould give you but small comfort.

Bayes. Never trouble your head with that, M. Smith, mind the business in hand.

Not so her young; their linsy-woolsey line, p. 2.
Was hero's make, half human, half divine.

Smith. Certainly these heroes, half human, half divine, have very little of the Mouse their mother.

Bayes.

Bayes. Gadfokers! Mr. Johnson, does your friend think I mean nothing but a Mouse by all this? I tell thee, man, I mean a Church, and these young gentlemen her sons, signifying Priests, Martyrs, and Confessors, that were hang'd in Oates's plot. There's an excellent latin sentence, which I had a mind to bring in, Sanguis Martyrum semen ecclesiæ, and I think I have not wronged it in the translation.

Of these a slaughter'd army lay in blood, p. 2.
 Whose sanguine seed increas'd the sacred brood;
 She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,
 And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own. p. 3.

Smith. Was she alone when the sacred brood was increased?

Bayes. Why thy head's running on the Mouse again; but I hope a Church may be alone, tho' the members be increased, mayn't it?

Johns. Certainly, Mr. Bayes, a Church which is a diffusive body of men, can much less be said to be alone.

Bayes. But are you really of that opinion? Take it from me, Mr. Johnson, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some simile or other, about the children of Israel, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. Bayes? What could the Mouse (for I suppose you mean her now) do more than range in the kingdoms, when they were herown?

Bayes. Do? why she reign'd? had a diadem sceptre, and ball, 'till they depos'd her.

Smith. Now her sons are so increas'd, she may try t'other pull for't.

Bayes. I'gad, and so she may before I have done with her; it has cost me some pains to clear her tile. Well, but mum for that, Mr. Smith.

The common hunt, she tim'rously past by, p. 3.
For they made tame, disdain'd her company;
They grinn'd, she in a fright tript o'er the green,
For she was lov'd, wherever she was seen.

Johnf. Well said, little Bayes, I'faith the critick must
have a great deal of leisure, that attacks those verses.

Bayes. I'gad, I'll warrant who e'er he is offendet soli-
do; but I go on.

The Independent Beast ——— p. 3.

Smith. Who is that, Mr Bayes?

Bayes. Why a Bear; Pox, is not that obvious enough.

——— In Groans her hate exprefs.

Which, I'gad, is very natural to that animal. Well!
there's for the Independent: Now the Quaker; what do
you think I call him?

Smith. Why, A Bull, for aught I know.

Bayes. A Bull! O Lord! A Bull! no, no, a Hare, a
quaking Hare,———Armarillis, because she wears ar-
mour, 'tis the same figure; and I am proud to say it,
Mr. Johnson, no man knows how to pun in heroicks but
myself, well you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking Hare,
Her cruel foe, because she would not swear,
And had profess'd neutrality. p. 3.

Johnf. A shrewd reason that, Mr. Bayes; but what
wars were there?

Bayes. Wars! Why there had been bloody wars, tho'
they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in
two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you
the

the lion's peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I had finish'd my poem.

Next her, the buffoon Ape his body bent, p. 3.
And paid at church a courtier's compliment.

That galls some where; I'gad I can't leave it off, tho' I were cudgelled every day for it.

The brist'd Baptift Boar, impure as he. p. 4.

Smith. As who?

Bayes. As the courtier, let 'em e'en take it as they will, I'gad, I seldom come amongst 'em. p. 86.

Was whiten'd with the foam of sanctity. p. 10.

The Wolf with belly-gaunt his rough crest rears, and pricks up.———Now in one word will I abuse the whole party most damnably———and pricks up———I'gad. I am sure you'll laugh———his predestinating ears. Pr'ythee, Mr. Johnson, remember little Bayes, when next you see a Presbyterian, and take notice, if he has not predestination in the shape of his ear: I have studied men so long, I'll undretake to know an Arminian, by the setting of his wig. His predestinating ears, I'gad, there's ne'er a Presbyterian shall dare shew his head without a border: I'll put 'em to that expence.

Smith. Pray, Mr. Bayes, If any of 'em should come over to the Royal Party, would their ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would shed their fanatical lugs, and have just such well turn'd ears as I have; mind this ear, this is a true Roman ear, mine are much changed for the better within these two years.

Smith. Then if ever the party should chance to fail, you might lose 'em, for what may change may fall.

Bayes.

Bayes. Mind, mind———

These fiery Zuinglians, meagre Calvin bred. p. 11.

Smith. Those, I suppose, are some outlandish beasts,
Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Beasts; a good mistake! Why, they were the
chief reformers, but here I put 'em in so bad company,
because they were enemies to my Mouse; and anon
when I am warmed, I'gad, you shall hear me call 'em
Doctors, Captains, Horses, and Horsemen*, in the very
same breath. You shall hear how I go on now.

Or else reforming Corah spawn'd this class,
" When opening earth made way for all to pass." p. 11.

Johns. For all, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Yes, they are all lost there, but some of 'em
were thrown up again at the Lemain-lake; as a catholic
queen sunk at Charing-cross, and rose again at
Queenhith.

The fox and he came shuffling in the dark,
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's ark. p. 11.

Here I put a query, whether there were any Socinians
before the flood, which I'm not very well satisfied in;
I have been lately apt to believe that the world was
drowned for that heresy; which among friends, made
me leave it.

Quicken'd with fire below, these monsters breed
In fenny Holland, and in fruitful Tweed. p. 12.

Now to write something new and out of the way,

elevate and surprise, and all that, I fetch you see, this quickening fire from the bottom of boggs and rivers.

Johnf. Why, faith that's as ingenious a contrivance as the virtuoso's making a burning-glass of ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing? Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The fancy was sheer-new to me; and I thought no man had reconciled those elements but myself. Well, gentlemen! Thus far I have followed antiquity, and as Homer has number'd his ships, so I have ranged my beasts. Here is my Boar and my Bear, and my Fox, and my Wolf, and the rest of 'em, all against my poor Mouse. Now what do you think I do with all these?

Smith. Faith I don't know, I suppose you make 'em fight.

Bayes. Fight! I'gad I'd as soon make 'em dance. No, I do no earthly thing with them, nothing at all, I'gad: I think they have played their parts sufficiently already; I have walked 'em out, shewed 'em to the company, and raised your expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em baited, and are dreaming of blood and battles, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

Smith. Why, faith, Mr. Bayes, now you have been at such expence in setting forth their characters, it had been too much to have gone thro' with 'em.

Bayes. I'gad, so it had: and then I tell you another thing, 'tis not ev'ry one that reads a poem thro'. And therefore I fill the first part with flowers, figures, fine language, and all that; and then, I'gad, sink by degrees, 'till at last I write but little better than other people. And whereas most authors creep servilely after the old fellows, and strive to grow upon their readers; I take another course, I bring in all my characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em; but I'gad I won't.

Johnf. Could go on with 'em, Mr. Bayes! there's no body doubts that! You have a most particular genius that way.

Bayes.

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mightily obliging: But I must needs say at a Fable or an Emblem, I think no man comes near me, Indeed I have studied it more than any man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. Johnson, of a little thing that has taken mightily about town, a Cat with a Topknot?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the coffee-house.

Bayes. 'Tis a trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other day at Will's throwing out something of that nature; and I'gad the hint was taken, and out came that picture; indeed the poor fellow was so civil as to present me with a dozen of 'em for my friends. I think I have one here in my pocket; would you please to accept of it, Mr. Johnson?

Johns. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an hour, if I had but witty fellows about me to draw them. I was proffer'd a pension to go into Holland, and contrive their emblems; but hang 'em they are all dull rogues, and would spoil my invention. But come, gentlemen, let us return to our business, and here I'll give you a delicate description of a man.

Smith. But how does that come in?

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a Wolf, and that supposes a wood, and then I clap an epithet to it, and call it a Celtick wood. Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the French persecution, and I'gad from all these thoughts I took occasion to rail at the French king, and shew that he was not of the same make with other men, which thus I prove.

The divine Blacksmith in th' abyſs of light,
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat,
Struck out the whole creation at a heat.
But he work'd hard to hammer out our souls,
And blew the bellows, and stir'd up the coals;

p. 15. }

Long

Long time he thought, and could not on a sudden
Knead up with untkimm'd milk this reas'ning pudding:

p. 19.

Tender, and mild within its bag it lay,
Confessing still the softness of its clay,
And kind as milk-maids on their wedding-day.

Till pride of empire, lust, and hot desire
Did over-boil him, like too great a fire,
And understanding grown, misunderstood,
Burn'd him to th' pot; and scour'd his curdled blood.

Johns. But sure this is a little prophane, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Not at all: Does not Virgil bring in his god
Vulcan working at the Anvil?

Johns. Ay, Sir, but never thought his hands the fitter
to make a budding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine him an earthly dirty
Blacksmith? 'Gad you make it prophane indeed. I'll tell
you, there's as much difference betwixt 'em, I'gad, as
betwixt my man and Milton's. But now, gentlemen,
the plot thickens, here comes my t'other Mouse, the
City-Mouse.

A Spotted Mouse, the prettiest next the white. p. 16.

Ah! were her spots wash'd out as pretty quite,
With Phylacteries on her forehead spread, p. 23.
Crozier in hand, and mitre on her head, p. 22.
Three steeples argent on her sable shield, p. 84.
Liv'd in the city, and disdain'd the field.

Johns. This is a glorious Mouse indeed! but as you
have dress'd her, we don't know whether she be a Jew,
Papist, or Protestant.

Bayes. Let me embrace you, Mr. Johnson, for that;
you take it right. She is a meer Babel of religions, and
therefore she's a spotted Mouse here, and will be a Mule
presently. But to go on.

This

This Princess———

Smith. What Princess, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Why this Mause, for I forgot to tell you, an Old Lyon made a left hand marriage with her mother, and begot on her body Elizabeth Schism, who was married to Timothy Sacrilege, and had issue Graceless Heresy. Who all gave the same coat with their mother, Three Steeples Argent, as I told you before. p. 10.

This Princess, tho' estrang'd from what was best,
Was least deform'd, because reform'd the least. p. 23.

There's De and Re as good I'gad as ever was.

She in a masquerade of mirth and love, p. 22.
Mistook the blifs of heaven for bacchanals above,
And grubb'd the thorns beneath our tender feet,
To make the paths of paradise more sweet.

There's a jolly Mause for you, let me see any body else that can show you such another. Here now have I one damnable, severe, reflecting line, but I want a rime to it; can you help me, Mr. Johnson?

She———

Humbly content to be despis'd at home,

Johnf. Which is too narrow infamy for some.

Bayes. Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

Whose merits are diffus'd from pole to pole, p. 63.

Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll.

Johnf. But does not this reflect upon some of your friends, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring myself off. I'll tell you, lately, I writ a damn'd libel on a whole party, sheer-point and satire all through, I'gad call'd 'em rogues, dogs, and all the names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of wit, that I must needs say. Now it happened before I could finish this piece, the scheme of affairs was altered, and those people

ple were no longer beasts: Here was a plunge now: Should I lose my labour, or libel my friends! 'Tis not every body's talent to find a salvo for this: But what do me, I but write a smooth, delicate preface, wherein I tell them that the satire was not intended to them, and this did the business.

Smith. But if it was not intended to them against whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

Bayes. Poh! there's the trick on't: Poor fools, they took it, and were satisfied: And yet it maul'd 'em damnable, I'gad.

Smith. Why faith, Mr. Bayes, there's this very contrivance in the preface to Dear Joy's Jest. *

Bayes. What the devil do you think that I'd steal from such an author? Or ever read it?

Smith. I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote Reynard the Fox.

Bayes. Why there's it now; take it from me Mr. Smith, there is as good morality, and as sound precepts, in the delectable history of Reynard the Fox, as in any book I know, except Seneca. Pray tell me, where in any other author could I have found so pretty a name for a Wolf as Isgrim? But pr'ythee, Mr. Smith, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my Mouse.

One ev'ning when she went away from court,
Levee's and couchee's pass without resort. p. 29.

There's court language for you; nothing gives a verse so fine a turn as an air of good breeding.

Smith. But methinks the levee's and couchee's of a Mouse are too great, especially when she is walking from court to the cooler shades.

Bayes. I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that she was a Princess. But pray mind here, the two mice meet.

* i. e. Teagueland Jest: or Bogg-Witticisms. 12mo.
She

She met the Country-Mouse, whose fearful face
Beheld from far the common wat'ring place,
Nor durst approach——— p. 29.

Smith. Methinks Mr. Bayes, this Mouse is strangely
alter'd since she fear'd no danger.

Bayes. Gadfokers! why no more she does not yet,
fear either man, or beast: But poor creature, she's
afraid of the water, for she could not swim, as you see
by this.

Nor durst approach, till with an awful rore
The sov'reign Lion had her fear no more. p. 30.

But besides, 'tis about thirty pages off that I told you
she feared no danger: and I gad if you will have no va-
riation of the character, you must have the same thing
over and over again; 'tis the beauty of writing to strike
you still with something new. Well, but to proceed.

But when she had this sweetest Mouse in view,
Good Lord, how she admir'd her heavenly hue! p. 30.

Here now to shew you I am master of files, I let my
self down from the majesty of Virgil to the sweetness of
Ovid.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her heavenly hue!

What more easy and familiar! I writ this line for the
ladies: The little rogues will be so fond of me to find
I can yet be so tender. I hate such a rough unhewn
fellow as Milton, that a man must sweat to read him;
I gad you may run over this and be almost asleep.

Th' immortal Mouse who saw the viceroy come,
So far to see her, did invite her home.

There's a pretty name now for the spotted Mouse, the Viceroy.

Smith. But pray, why do you call her so?

Bayes. Why! Because it sounds prettily:

I'll call her the Crown-General presently, if I've a mind to it. Well.

P. 55.

———did invite her home

To smoke a pipe, and o'er a sober pot

Discourse of Oates and Bedloe and the Plot.

She made a court'fy like a civil dame,

And, being much a gentlewoman, came.

P. 31.

Well, gentlemen here's my first part finished, and I think I have kept my word with you, and given it the majestic turn of heroic poetry. The rest being matter of dispute, I had not such frequent occasion for the magnificence of verse, tho' I'gad they speak very well. And I have heard men, and very considerable men too, talk the very same things, a great deal worse.

P. 32.

Johns. Nay, without doubt, Mr. Bayes, they have receiv'd no small advantage from the smoothness of your numbers.

Bayes. Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: Though you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these things myself, but 'tis the advantage of our coffee-house, that from their talk one may write a very good polemical discourse, without ever troubling one's head with the books of controversy. For I can take the slightest of their arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four verses, which shall stare any London divine in the face. Indeed our knotty reasonings with a long train of majors and minors, and the devil and all, are too barbarous for my stile; but I'gad I can flourish better with one of these twinkling arguments, than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our Mouse, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em e'en speak for themselves, which they will do extremely well, or I'm mistaken: And pray ob-

serve

serve gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious City-Mouse, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious matron.

Dame, said the lady of the spotted muff, p. 32.
Methinks your tiff is sour, your cates meer stuff.
There, did not I tell you she'd be nice?
Your pipe's so foul, that I disdain to smoke;
And the weed worse than e'er Tom Jervis took.

Smith. I did not hear she had a spotted muff before.

Bayes. Why no more she has not now: but she has a skin that might make a spotted muff. There's a pretty figure now unknown to the ancients.

Leave, leave (* she's earnest you see) this hoary shed
and lonely hills.

And eat with me at Groleau's, smoke at Will's.
What wretch would nibble on a hanging shelf,
When at Pontac's he may regale himself?
Or to the house of cleanly Rhenish go;
Or that at Charing-Cross, or that in Channel-Row.

Do you mark me now? I would by this represent the
vanity of a Town-Fop, who pretends to be acquainted at
all those good houses, tho' perhaps he ne'er was in 'em.
But hark! she goes on.

Come, at a crown a head ourselves we'll treat,
Champaigne our liquor, and ragoust's our meat,
Then hand in hand we'll go to court, dear cuz,
To visit bishop Martin and king Buz.
With ev'ning wheels we'll drive about the park,
Finish at Locket's, and reel home i'th' dark.
Break clatt'ring windows, and demolish doors
Of English manufactures—pimps, and whores. p. 63.

* Poeta loquitur.

R. 3

Johnf.

Johnf. Methinks a pimp or a whore, is an odd sort of a manufacture, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. I call 'em so to give the parliament a hint not to suffer so many of them to be exported, to the decay of trade at home.

With these allurements Spotted did invite
From hermit's cell, the female profelyte.
Oh! With what ease we follow such a guide,
Where souls are starv'd, and senses gratify'd.

Now would you not think she's going? I gad, you're mistaken; you shall hear a long argument about infallibility, before she stirs yet.

But here the White by observation wise, p. 96.
Who long on heaven had fixt her prying eyes,
With thoughtful countenance, and grave remark,
Said, or my judgment fails me, or 'tis dark,
Lest therefore we should stray, and not go right
Through the brown horror of the starless night;
Hast thou infallibility, that wight? p. 37. }
Sternly the savage grin'd and thus reply'd:
That Mice may err, was ever yet deny'd.
That I deny, said the immortal dame,
There is a guide—Gad I've forgot his name. p. 27.

Who lives in Heaven or Rome, the lord knows where,
Had we but him Sweet-heart, we could not err.
But hark you, sister, this is but a whim;
For still we want a guide to find out him.†

Here you see I don't trouble myself to keep on the narration, but White speaks or Dapple speaks by the side. But when I get any noble thought which I envy a mouse should say, I clap it down in my own person

with a Poeta Loquitur §; which take notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my writings, than a hand in the margin any where else. Well now says the White,

What need we find him? we have certain proof
That he is somewhere, dame, and that's enough:
For if there is a guide that knows the way,
Altho' we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I'gad: Well said White. You see her adversary has nothing to say for herself, and therefore to confirm the victory, she shall make a simile.

Smith. Why then I find similes are as good after victory, as after a surprize.

Bayes. Every jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two ways, either about emission, or reception of light,* or else about Epsom-waters, but I think the last more familiar; therefore speak, my pretty one.

As tho' 'tis controverted in the school,
If waters pass by urine or by stool,
Shall we who are philosophers, thence gather
From this diffension that they work by neither?

And I'gad she is in the right on't, but mind now, she comes upon her swop!

All this I did your arguments to try.

And I'gad if they had been ever so good, this next line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou wretch, that guide am I. p. 54.

There's a surprize for you now! How sneakingly t'other looks? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a guide first, and then tell her she was one? who could have thought this little Mouse head the Pope and

a whole general council in her belly? Now Dapple had nothing to say to this; and therefore you'll see she grows peevish.

Come leave your cracking tricks, and as they say,
Use not that barber that trims time, delay! p. 101.

Which I'gad is new, and my own.

I've eyes as well as you to find the way.

Then on they jogg'd, and since an hour of talk

Might cut a banter on the tedious walk;

As I remember, said the sober Mouse,

I've heard much talk of the Wits coffee-house.

Thither, says Brindel, thou shalt go and see

Priests sipping coffee, sparks and poets tea;

Here rugged freeze, there, quality well drest,

These baffling the Grand Signior; those the test.

And here shrewd questions made, and reasons given

That human laws were never made in heaven; p. 111.

But above all, what shall oblige thy sight,

And fill they eye-balls with a vast delight;

Is the poetic judge of sacred wit,

Who does i'th' darkness of his glory sit.

And as the moon who first receives the light, p. 28.

With which she makes these nether regions bright;

So does he shine reflecting from afar,

The rays he borrowed from a better star:

For rules which from Corneille and Rapin flow,

Admir'd by all the scribbling herd below.

From French tradition while he does dispense,

Unerring truths, 'tis schism a damn'd offence

To question his, or trust your private sense. }

Hah! is not that right, Mr. Johnson? I'gad forgive me, he is fast asleep! O the damned stupidity of this age! asleep! Well, Sir, since you're so drowsy, your humble servant.

Johns. Nay, pray Mr. Bayes, faith I heard you all the while. The white Mouse.

Bayes.

Bayes. The white Mouse ! ay, ay, I thought how you heard me, Your servant Sir, your servant.

Johnf. Nay, dear Bayes, faith I beg thy pardon, I was up late last night, pray lend me a little snuff, and go on.

Bayes. Go on ! Pox, I don't know where I was, well, I'll begin here ; mind now they are both come to town.

But now at Piccadilly they arrive,
And taking coach t'wards Temple-bar they drive ;
But at St. Clement's church, eat out the back,
And slipping thro' the Pſalgrave, bilkt poor hack.

There's the utile, which ought to be in all poetry,
many a young Templar will save his shilling by this stragem of my Mice.

Smith. Why, will any young Templar eat out the back of a coach !

Bayes. No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a Mouse.

Thence to the Devil and ask'd if Chanticleer,
Of clergy kind or counsellor Chough was there ?
Or Mr. Dove a pigeon of renown, p. 133.
By his high crop, and corny gizzard known, p. 126.
Or sister Partlet, with a hooded head ? p. 130.
No, Sir, she's hooted hence, said Will, and fled.
Why so ? Because she would not pray a-bed.

Johnf. [Aside.] 'Sdeath ! who can keep a wake at such stuff ? Pray, Mr. Bayes, lend me your box again.

Bayes. Mr. Johnson, how d'ye like that box ? Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a person of honour, for looking over a paper of verses ; and indeed I put in all the lines that were worth any thing, in the whole poem. Well, but where were we ? Oh ! here they are, just going up stairs into the Apollo ; from whence my White takes occasion to talk very well of tradition.

Thus

Thus to the place where Johnson sat we climb,
 Leaning on the same rail that guided him;
 And whilst we thus on equal helps rely,
 Our wit must be as true, our thoughts as high.
 For as an author happily compares
 Tradition to a well fixt pair of stairs,
 So this the Scala Sancta we believe,
 By which his traditive genius we receive.
 Thus ev'ry step I take, my spirits soar,
 And I grow more a wit, and more and more.

P. 45.

There's humour! Is not that the liveliest image in the world of a Mouse's going up a pair of stairs. More a wit, and more and more?

Smith. Mr. Bayes, I beg your pardon heartily, I must be rude, I have a particular engagement at this time, and I see you are not near an end yet.

Bayes. Gadsookers! sure you won't serve me so: All my finest description and best discourse is yet to come.

Smith. Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an extraordinary concern I could not leave you.

Bayes. Well; but you shall take a little more; and here I'll pass over two dainty episodes of Swallows, Swifts, Chickens, and Buzzards.

Johns. I know not why they should come in, except to make yours the longest fable that ever was told.

Bayes. Why the excellence of a fable is in the length of it. Æsop indeed, like a slave as he was, made little short, simple stories, with a dry moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble design. But here I give you fable upon fable! and after you are satisfy'd with beasts in the first course, serve you up a delicate dish of fowl for the second; now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular person; for I'gad I'll tell you what a trick he served me. I was translating a very good French author, * but being something long about it; as you know

* Varillas.

a man

a man is not always in the humour, what does this Jack do, but puts out an answer to my friend before I had half finish'd the translation: so there were three whole months lost upon his account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let all the world know, that he is a tall, broadback'd, lusty fellow, of a brown complexion, fair behaviour, a fluent tongue, and taking amongst the women †, and to top it all, that he is much a scholar, more a wit, and owns but two sacraments. Don't you think this fellow will hang himself? But besides I have so nick'd this character in a name, as will make you split. I call him—I gad I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

Smith. Why, that he was much a scholar and more a wit.

Bayes. Right, and his name is Buzzard, ha! ha! ha!

Johns. Very proper indeed, Sir.

Bayes. Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagine; for his true name begins with a B, which makes me slyly contrive this, to begin with the same letter. There's a pretty device, Mr. Johnson, I learned it I must needs confess from that ingenious sport, I love my love with an A, because she's amiable; and if you cou'd but get a knot of merry fellows together, you shall see how little Bayes would top 'em all at it I gad.

Smith. Well, but good faith, Mr. Bayes, I must leave you, I'm half an hour past my time.

Bayes. Well, I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred verses upon a rainy night, and a bird's-nest; and here are three hundred more translated from two Paris gazettes, in which the spotted Mouse gives an account of the treaty of peace between the Czar of Muscovy, and the Emperor, which is a piece of news White does not believe; and this is her answer. I am resolved you

† Pref. to *Hind and Panther*, p. 137.

shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove oral tradition better than scripture. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my opinion, that it had been better for the world, if we ne'er had had any bibles at all.

Ere that gazette was printed, said the White. p. 50.
Our Robin told another story quite;
'This oral truth more safely I believ'd,
My ears cannot, your eyes may be deceiv'd.
By word of mouth unerring maxims flow,
And preaching's best, if understood, or no.

Words, I confess, bound by, and trip so light, p. 3.
We have no time to take a steady sight;
Yet fleeting thus are plainer than when writ,
To long examination they submit.

Hard things———Mr. Smith, if these two lines
don't recompence your stay, ne'er trust John Bayes
again.

Hard things at the first blush are clear and full,
God mends on second thoughts, but man grows dull. p. 15.

I'gad, I judge of all men by myself, 'tis so with me,
I never strove to be very exact in any thing but I spoiled it.

Smith. But allowing your character to be true, is it not a little too severe?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general reflections are daring, and favour most of a noble genius, that spares neither friend or foe.

John.. Are you never afraid of a drubbing for that daring of your noble genius?

Bayes. Afraid! why lord, you make so much of a beating, I'gad 'tis no more to me than a flea biting. No, no, if I can be but witty upon 'em, ev'n let 'em lay

lay on, Pfaith, I'll ne'er baulk my fancy to save my carcase. Well, but we must dispatch, Mr. Smith.

Thus did they merrily carouse all day,
And like the gaudy fly, their wings display;
And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's ray. }

Well, there's an end of the entertainment, and Mr. Smith, if your affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the best bill of fare that ever was serv'd up in heroicks: but here follows a dispute shall recommend itself, I'll say nothing for it. For Dapple who you must know, was a protestant, all this while, trusts her own judgment, and foolishly dislikes the wine: upon which our innocent does so run her down, that she has not one word to say for herself, but what I put in her mouth; and I'gad you may imagine they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an ingrate.

Sirrah, says Brindle, thou hast brought us wine,
Sour to my taste, and to my eyes unfine.
Says Will, all gentlemen like it; ah! says White,
What is approv'd by them must needs be right.
'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the house p. 38.
Commend it, I submit, a private Mouse.

Mind that, mind the decorum and deference, which our Mouse pays to the company.

Nor to the catholic consent oppose
My erring judgment and reforming nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick'd her, that's up to the hilts, I'gad, and you shall see Dappleresents it.

Why, what a devil, shan't I trust my eyes?
Must I drink stum because the rascal lies?
And palms upon us ctaholic consent,
To give sophisticated brewings vent.

Says

Says White, what ancient evidence can sway;
 If you must argue thus, and not obey?
 Drawers must be trusted, thro' whose hands convey'd,
 You take the liquor, or you spoil the trade.
 For sure those honest fellows have no knack,
 Of putting off stum'd claret for pontac.
 How long, alas! wou'd the poor vintner last
 If all that drink must judge, and ev'ry guest
 Be allowed to have an understanding taste?
 Thus she: nor could the Panther well enlarge,
 With weak defence, against so strong a charge.

There I call her a Panther, because she's spotted,
 which is such a blotch to the reformation, as I warrant
 'em they will never claw off, I'gad.

But with a weary yawn that shew'd her pride,
 Said, Spotless was a villain, and she ly'd.
 White saw her canker'd malice at that word,
 And said her pray'rs, and drew her delphic sword.
 T'other cry'd murder, and her rage restrain'd:
 And thus her passive character maintain'd.
 But now alas!—

Mr. Johnson, pray mind me this; Mr. Smith, I'll
 ask you to stay no longer, for this that follows is so en-
 gaging; hear me but two lines, I'gad, and go away
 afterwards if you can.

But now, alas! I grieve, I grieve to tell
 What sad mischance the pretty things besel.
 These birds of beasts—

There's a tender expression, birds of beasts: 'Tis the
 greatest affront that you can put upon any bird, to call
 it, beast of a bird: and a beast is so fond of being call-
 ed a bird, as you can't imagine. p. 129.

These

These birds of beasts, these learned reas'ning mice,
Were separated, banish'd in a trice,
Who would be learned for their sakes, who wise? }

Ay, who indeed? there's a Pathos, I'gad gentlemen,
if that won't move you, nothing will, I can assure you:
But here's the sad thing I was afraid of.

The constable alarmed by this noise,
Enter'd the room, directed by the voice,
And speaking to the watch with head aside, p. 135.
Said, desperate cures must be to desperate ills apply'd.

These gentlemen, for so their fate decrees,
Can ne'er enjoy at once the butt and peace. p. 115.
When each have sep'rate int'rests of their own, p. 141.
Two Mice are one too many for a town.

By schism they are torn, and therefore, brother,
Look you to one, and I'll secure the t'other.

Now whether Dapple did to Bridewell go,
Or in the stocks all night her fingers blow, p. 98. }
Or in the compter lay, concerns us not to know. }

But the immortal matron, spotless White,
Forgetting Dapple's rudeness, malice, spite, }
Look'd kindly back, and wept and said good-night. }

Ten thousand watchmen waited on this Mouse, p. 145.
With bills and halberds, to her country-house.

This last contrivance I had from a judicious author,
that makes ten thousand angels wait upon his Hind,
and she asleep too, I'gad.---

Johns. Come, let's see what we have to pay?

Bayes. Why a pox, are you in such haste? you han't
told me how you like it.

Johns. O! extremely well. Here, drawer.

[Exeunt.

Who would be learned for their sake, who will?
Who would be learned, but for a while,
Who would be learned, but for a while,
Who would be learned, but for a while,

Who would be learned, but for a while,
Who would be learned, but for a while,
Who would be learned, but for a while,
Who would be learned, but for a while,

Who would be learned, but for a while,
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